



No. 111

Ten Cents

AUG.
1947



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

*UP, UP
and AWAY-*

with
SUPERMAN
IN A TRULY
STARTLING
STORY-

**"CAMERAS
in the
CLOUDS"**



"Hey—
who's the genius?"

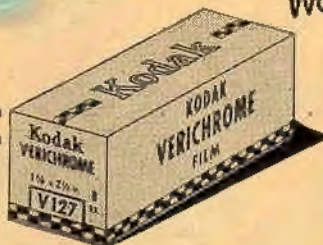


*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
...snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they've enjoyed together. They like the snaps; and they admire the photographer.

Know how easy snapshots are? Even first attempts come out beautifully. Part of the secret of good pictures, of course, is an eye for pictures; that's up to you. And good film—Kodak Verichrome Film—is another essential. It cuts out the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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—in the familiar yellow box.



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Special**
World-famous little camera

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Kodak

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHO FILMS THE EXCITING EVENTS YOU SEE IN THE NEWSREELS? OR ABOUT THE DARE-DEVIL INGENUITY IT TAKES TO GET THESE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTION AS IT POPS? THEN STEP BEHIND THE SCENES AND MEET A COUPLE OF THE MEN BEHIND THE NEWSREEL CAMERAS! FOLLOW THEM, WITH SUPERMAN, AS THEY MATCH WITS—AND THEIR LIVES—TO SNATCH STARTLING SCOOPS FROM CROOKED COMPETITORS! SEE HISTORY IN THE MAKING, FILMED BY THE MEN WHO GRIND THE...

**CAMERAS in
the CLOUDS!**



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OUR STORY BEGINS ON A PACIFIC ISLAND BEFORE V-J DAY, AS COMBAT CAMERAMEN SGT. BINNS AND CPL. DUFF FOLLOW THE U.S. ADVANCE ON A JAP BATTERY...



A BULL'S-EYE FOR OUR BOYS! AND I SNAPPED IT!

ME, TOO, SARGE! WAIT'LL THE GENERAL SEES THESE FILMS, BOY!



NICE OUT-CURVE, SARGE! THIS IS WHAT I CALL SETTING-UP OUR OWN SCOOPS!



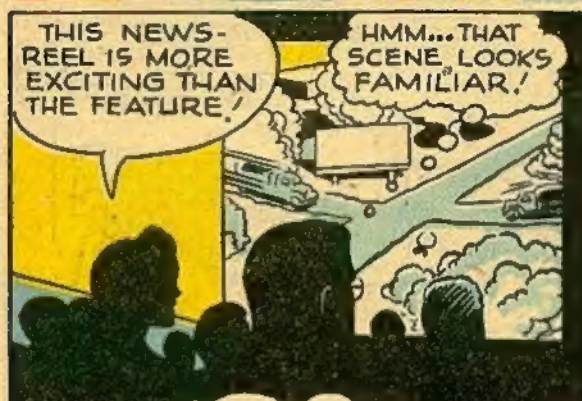
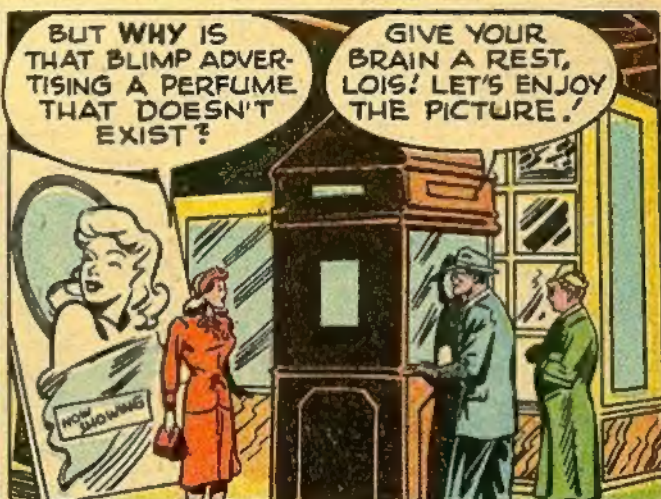
LATER, SOMEWHERE IN JAPAN, AFTER V-J DAY...

SGT. BINNS AND CPL. DUFF, THIS MEDAL IS FOR THE GREAT PHOTOS OF AMERICAN FIGHTERS IN ACTION WHICH YOUR DARING MADE POSSIBLE!

WELL, LADS, WHAT ARE YOUR CIVILIAN PLANS?

WE'RE GOING INTO THE NEWSREEL BUSINESS, COLONEL.

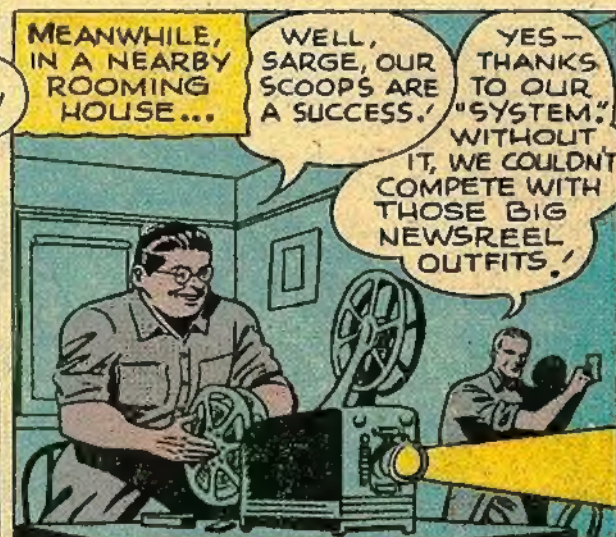






THEY'RE TWO FORMER ARMY PHOTOGRAPHERS. THEY HAVE LITTLE CAPITAL, SIR...

BUT THEY MANAGE TO SCOOP US REPEATEDLY! HOW?



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY ROOMING HOUSE...

WELL, SARGE, OUR SCOOPS ARE A SUCCESS!

YES— THANKS TO OUR "SYSTEM." WITHOUT IT, WE COULDN'T COMPETE WITH THOSE BIG NEWSREEL OUTFITS!



WHEN THESE FILMS ARE SHOWN IN THEATERS TOMORROW, THEY'LL BE A SENSATION!

AND WE'LL GET A CONTRACT OUT OF IT! WE'RE MADE!



MEANWHILE, AT FBI HEAD-QUARTERS...

BY OUR SECRET SYSTEM FOR GETTING SCOOPS!

... BUT HOW'D YOU PHOTOGRAPH THOSE SABOTEURS AT WORK WITHOUT BEING TIPPED OFF IN ADVANCE?



NEXT DAY, AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

THAT'S THE SAME OUTFIT THAT FILMED SUPERMAN STOPPING THOSE TRUCKS! BUT WHY DIDN'T I SEE THEM?

THE DAILY PLANET
STARTLING G.I. NEWSREEL Inc.
PHOTOS EXPOSE SABOTEURS!
FBI ON JOB

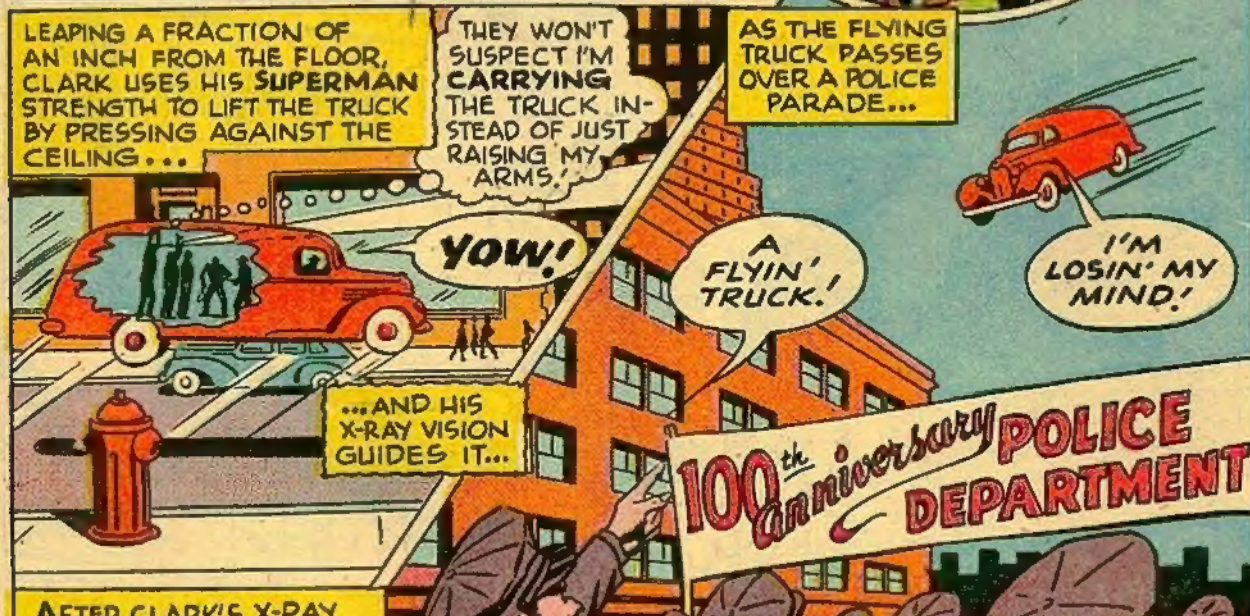
IF WE REVEAL OUR SYSTEM, WE CAN'T COMPETE WITH THE BIG NEWSREEL OUTFITS!

WHAT SYSTEM?



AND AT TRANS-GLOBAL NEWS...





SO LONG, KENT! SORRY WE CAN'T TELL YOU OUR SECRET!

I CAN TRACE THEM, BUT THEIR SECRET IS THEIR BUSINESS, AND THEY'RE GOOD GUYS!

FINE FURS

CHARM PERFUME

CHARM PERFUME

NEXT DAY, CLARK, IN HIS ROLE OF SUPERMAN, GIVES LOIS LANE A LIFT TO THE OFFICE...

THAT BLIMP AGAIN! CLARK SAYS I'M CRAZY, BUT NO STORE IN TOWN HAS THAT PERFUME! I'M SURE SOMETHING'S WRONG!

WELL! THOSE EX-GI NEWSREEL MEN!

HOLY SMOKE! VISITORS! WE'RE DISCOVERED!

I AGREE WITH CLARK! BUT TO SATISFY YOU, I'LL LET YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!

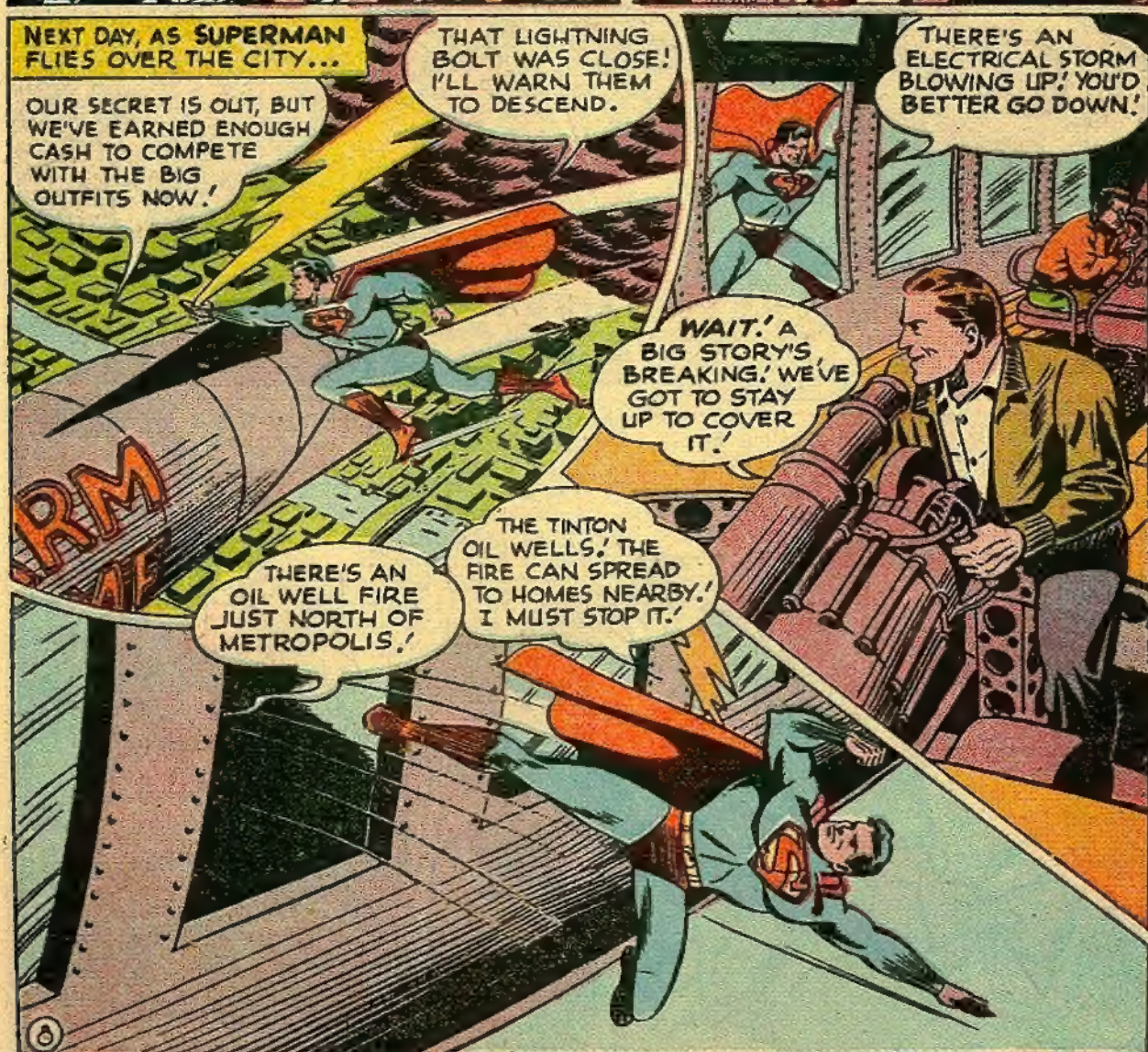
SO THIS IS HOW YOU GET YOUR NEWSREEL SCOOPS?

WELL, YOU'VE SEEN US, SO WE'LL CONFESS. OUR SECRET COULDN'T BE KEPT FOREVER...

OVER A TICKER, WE GET TIPS ON METROPOLIS NEWS. WE LOCATE AND FILM THE EVENTS WITH THIS TELESCOPE BEFORE OTHER NEWSREEL MEN CAN REACH THE SCENE! SOMETIMES WE SEE NEWS HAPPENING BEFORE THE TICKER GETS IT!

7

SO LOIS LANE WRITES A SCOOP STORY! AND WHEN DAN FLOOD READS IT!





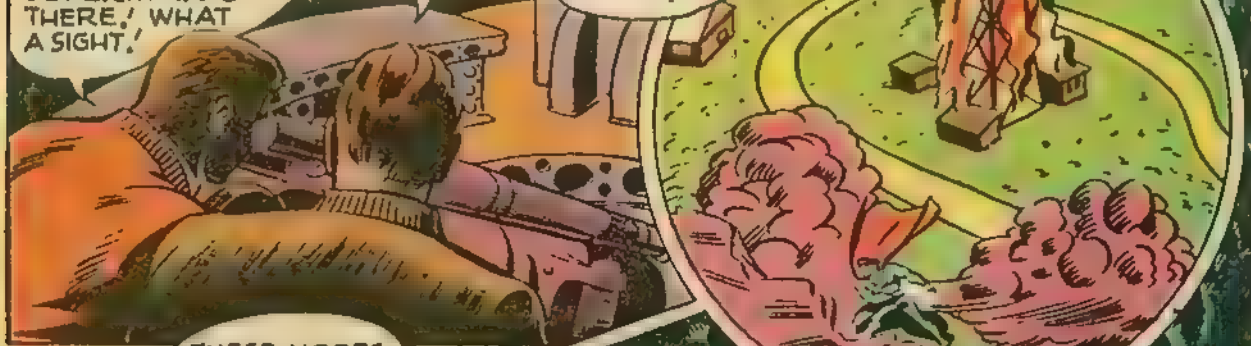
SPLIT SECONDS LATER...

I'VE GOT IT IN FOCUS!
THE FLAMES ARE
HUNDREDS OF FEET
HIGH! BUT WAIT—
SUPERMAN'S
THERE! WHAT
A SIGHT!

WHAT
A SCOOP!

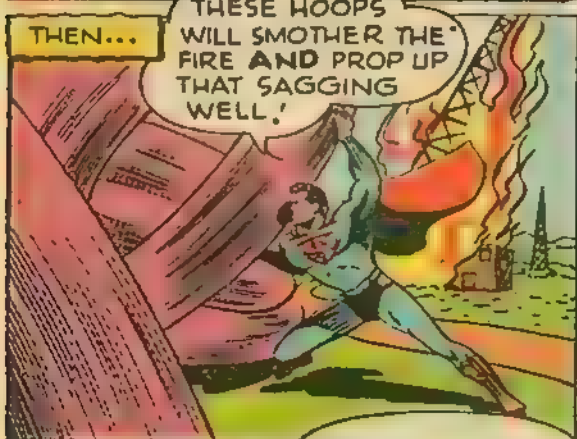
...NOW SUPERMAN'S
DIGGING CHUNKS FROM
A NEARBY CLAY BANK
AND MAKING CLAY
HOOPS! HE'S
IGNORING THE
FIRE!

HAS HE
GONE
CRAZY?



THEN...

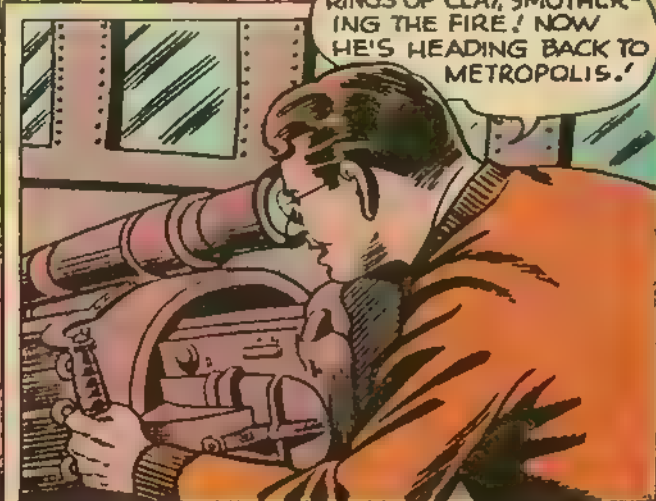
THESE HOOPS
WILL SMOTHER THE
FIRE AND PROP UP
THAT SAGGING
WELL!

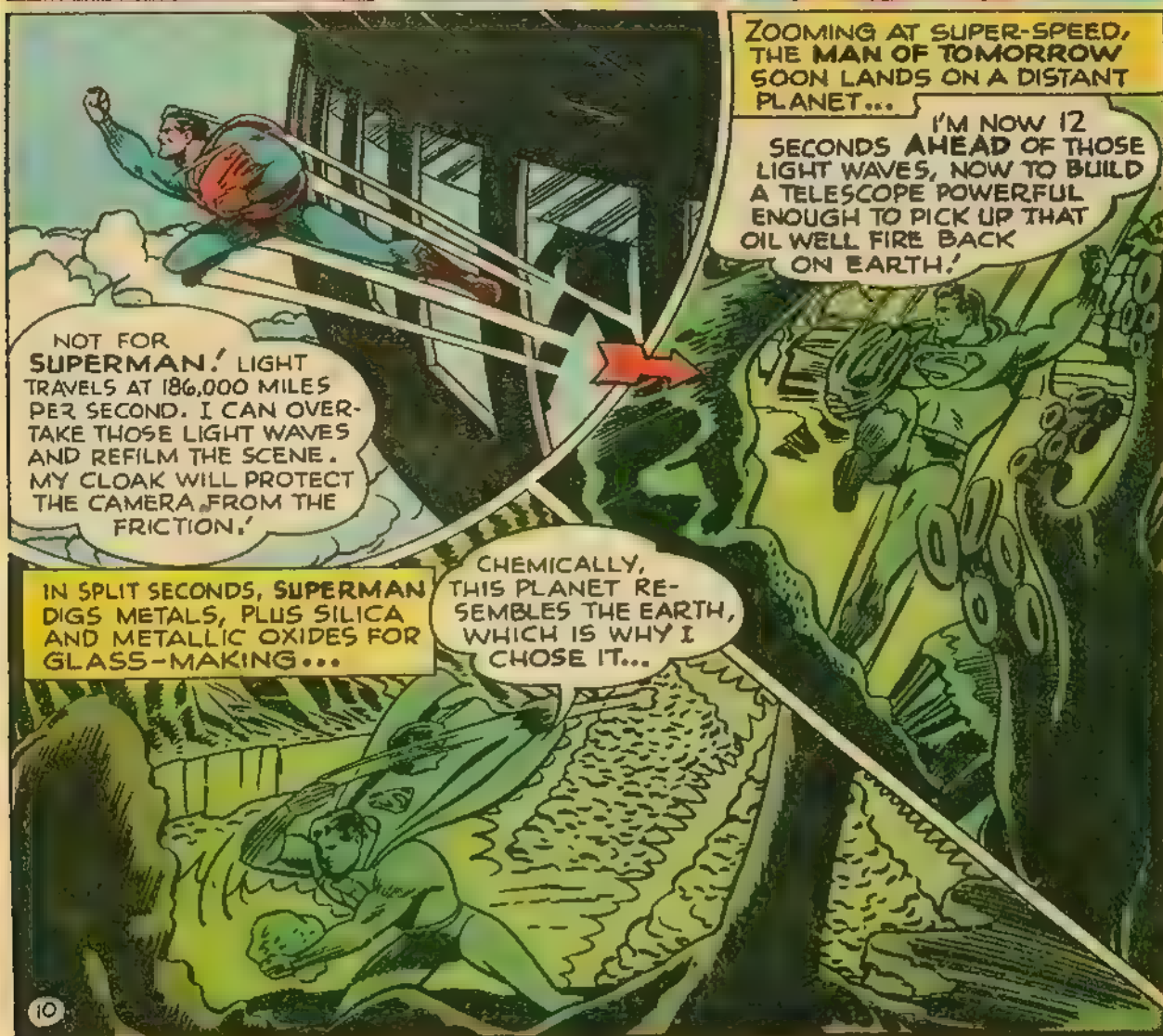
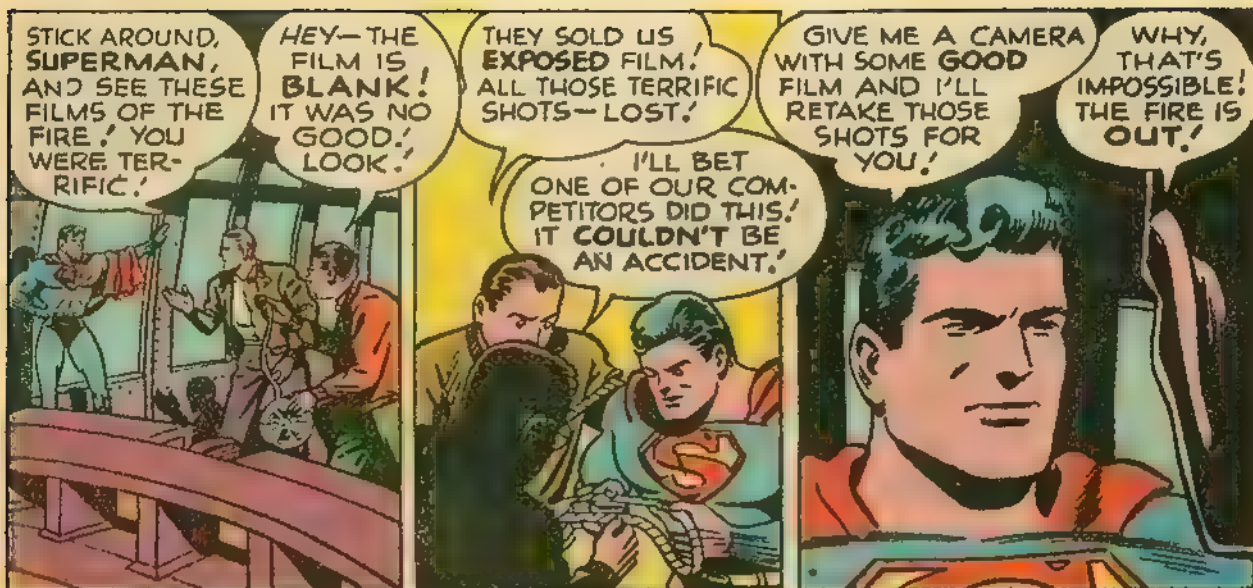


NOTHING LIKE A
GAME OF QUOITS TO
SAVE AN OIL WELL!
HERE GOES ANOTHER
RINGER!



HE'S SEALED OFF
THE WELL WITH
RINGS OF CLAY, SMOTHER-
ING THE FIRE! NOW
HE'S HEADING BACK TO
METROPOLIS!





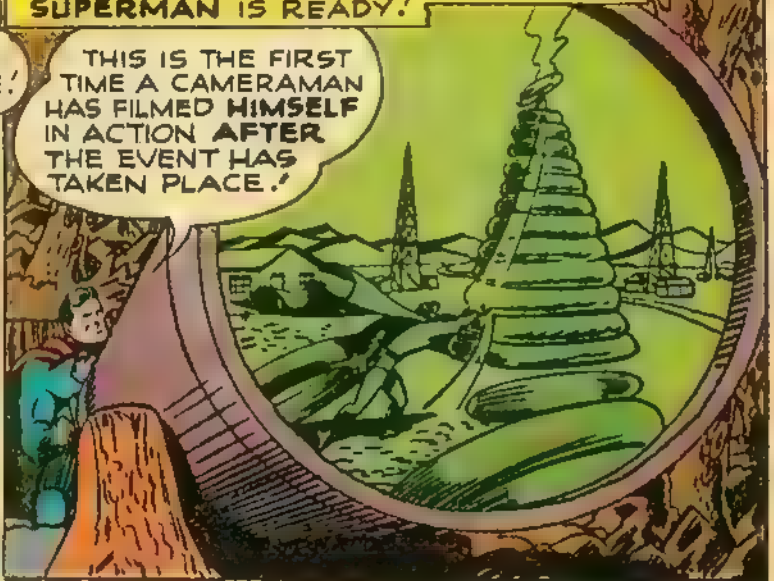
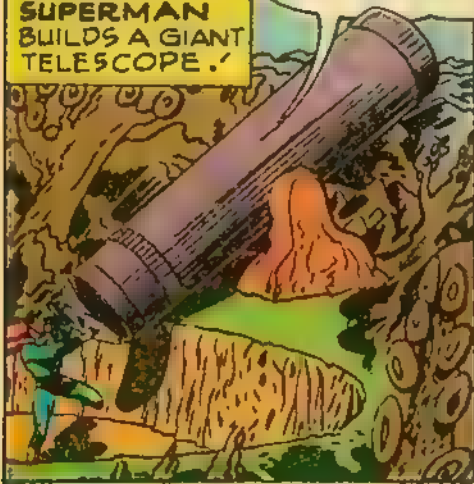


SUPERFRICTION MAKES METAL MALLEABLE, AND FUSES SILICATE INTO GLASS AS SUPERMAN BUILDS A GIANT TELESCOPE.

ONE SECOND TO GO BEFORE THOSE LIGHT WAVES FROM EARTH ARRIVE!

FITTING THE CAMERA TO THE EYEPIECE, SUPERMAN IS READY!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A CAMERAMAN HAS FILMED HIMSELF IN ACTION AFTER THE EVENT HAS TAKEN PLACE!

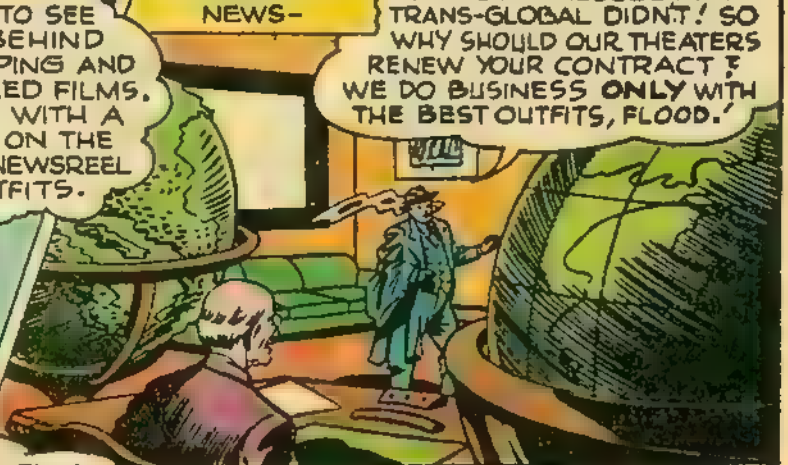
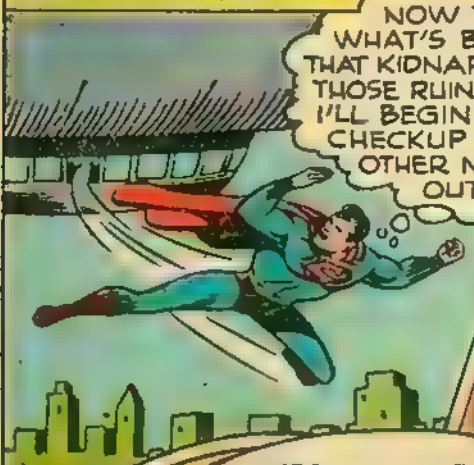


LATER, AFTER GIVING THE FILM TO BINNS AND DUFF...

NEXT DAY, AT TRANS-GLOBAL NEWS-

GI NEWSREEL INC. FILMED THAT BOAT RESCUE AND TRANS-GLOBAL DIDN'T! SO WHY SHOULD OUR THEATERS RENEW YOUR CONTRACT? WE DO BUSINESS ONLY WITH THE BEST OUTFITS, FLOOD!

NOW TO SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THAT KIDNAPING AND THOSE RUINED FILMS. I'LL BEGIN WITH A CHECKUP ON THE OTHER NEWSREEL OUTFITS.



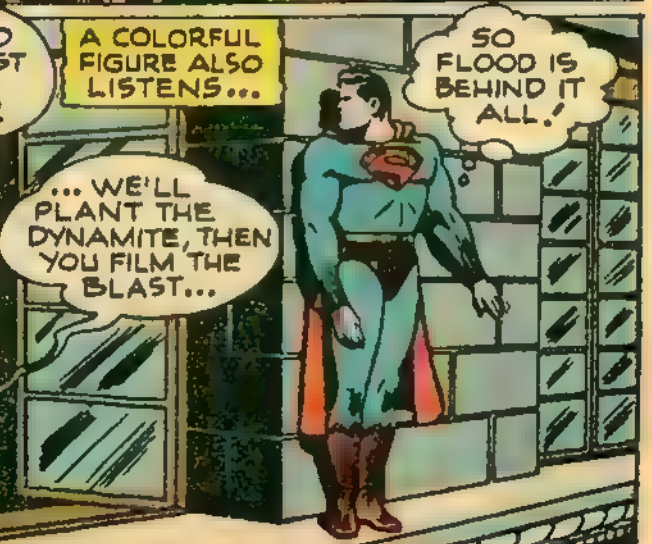
SHORTLY...

WE SPOILED THEIR FILM, BUT BINNS AND DUFF SCOOPED US AGAIN ANYWAY! OUR LAST CHANCE TO SAVE OUR CONTRACT IS TO MAKE OUR OWN NEWS AND SCOOPING THEM! NOW LISTEN...

A COLORFUL FIGURE ALSO LISTENS...

... WE'LL PLANT THE DYNAMITE, THEN YOU FILM THE BLAST...

SO FLOOD IS BEHIND IT ALL!



LATER, ABOARD THE BLIMP...

JUST MAKE SURE YOU PHOTOGRAPH FLOOD PLANTING THE DYNAMITE. I'LL DO THE REST.

NEXT DAY, IN STATE PARK, BESIDE AN OLD STATUE THAT'S BEEN ORDERED REMOVED BY THE CITY PLANNING BOARD...

THE DYNAMITE'S READY. ARE YOUR CAMERAS SET TO FILM THE EXPLOSION?

ALL SET, BOSS.

BUT AS FLOOD PRESSES THE PLUNGER TO BLAST THE DYNAMITE...

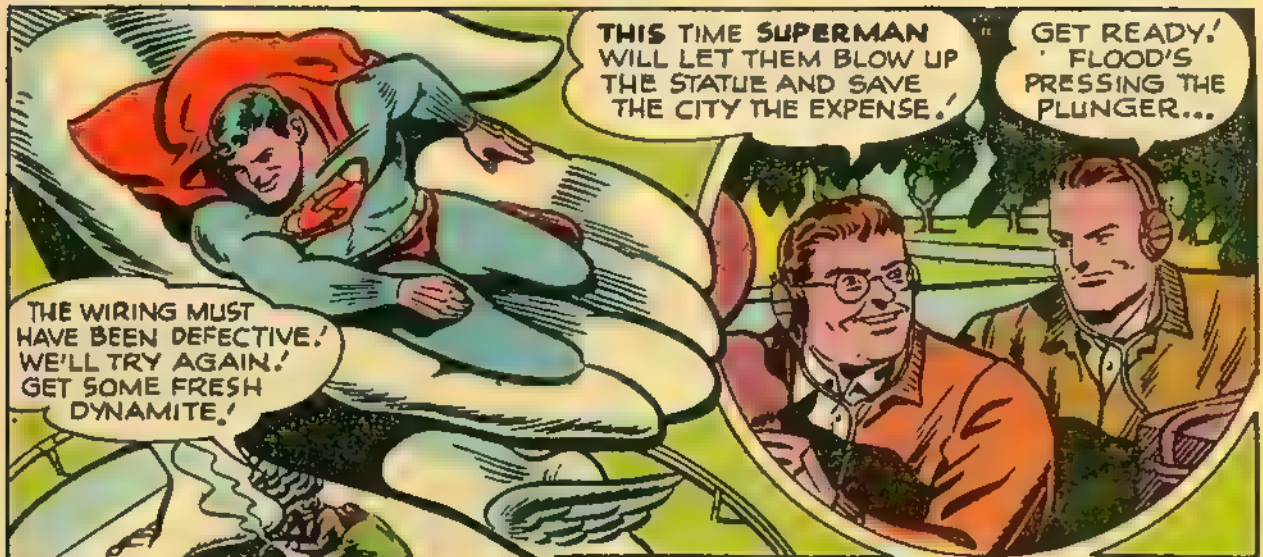
HUH? WHAT'S WRONG? IT DOESN'T EXPLODE.

BUT-BUT-I CHECKED ALL THE WIRING...

IT EXPLODED ALL RIGHT, BUT I SMOTHERED THE BLAST WITH MY BODY. UH-UH-HERE THEY COME TO CHECK UP. I'LL HIDE...

BOY, WAS THAT A FUNNY SCENE.

OLD FLOOD LOOKS FIT TO EXPLODE HIMSELF.

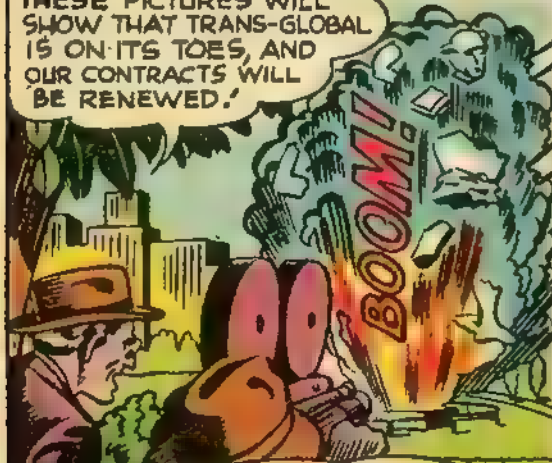


THIS TIME SUPERMAN
WILL LET THEM BLOW UP
THE STATUE AND SAVE
THE CITY THE EXPENSE.

GET READY!
FLOOD'S
PRESSING THE
PLUNGER...

THE WIRING MUST
HAVE BEEN DEFECTIVE!
WE'LL TRY AGAIN!
GET SOME FRESH
DYNAMITE!

PERFECT!
THESE PICTURES WILL
SHOW THAT TRANS-GLOBAL
IS ON ITS TOES, AND
OUR CONTRACTS WILL
BE RENEWED.

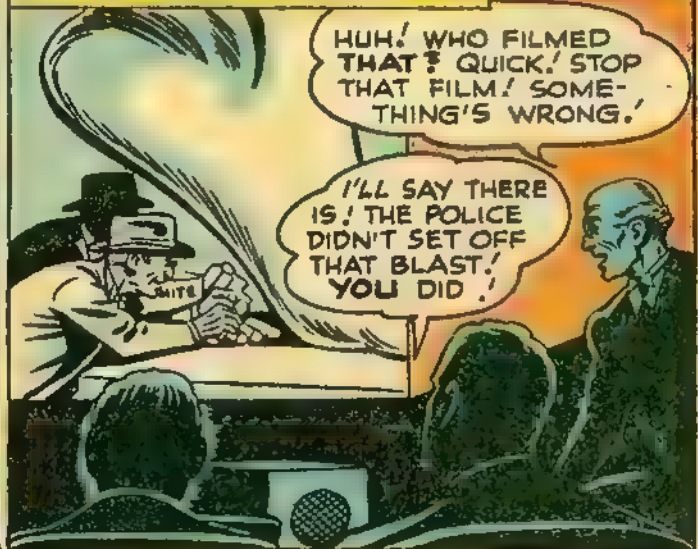


WE SET IT OFF
AHEAD OF TIME
TO SCOOP THE OTHER
NEWSREEL OUTFITS!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?

THE POLICE
WOULD HAVE
CLEARED THE PARK
OF PEOPLE! YOU
RISKED LIVES TO
GET A SCOOP! I
DON'T DO BUSINESS
WITH IRRESPONSIBLE
PEOPLE! GOOD
DAY!



THAT NIGHT, AS FLOOD SHOWS HIS SCOOP FILMS
TO THE THEATER MAGNATE...



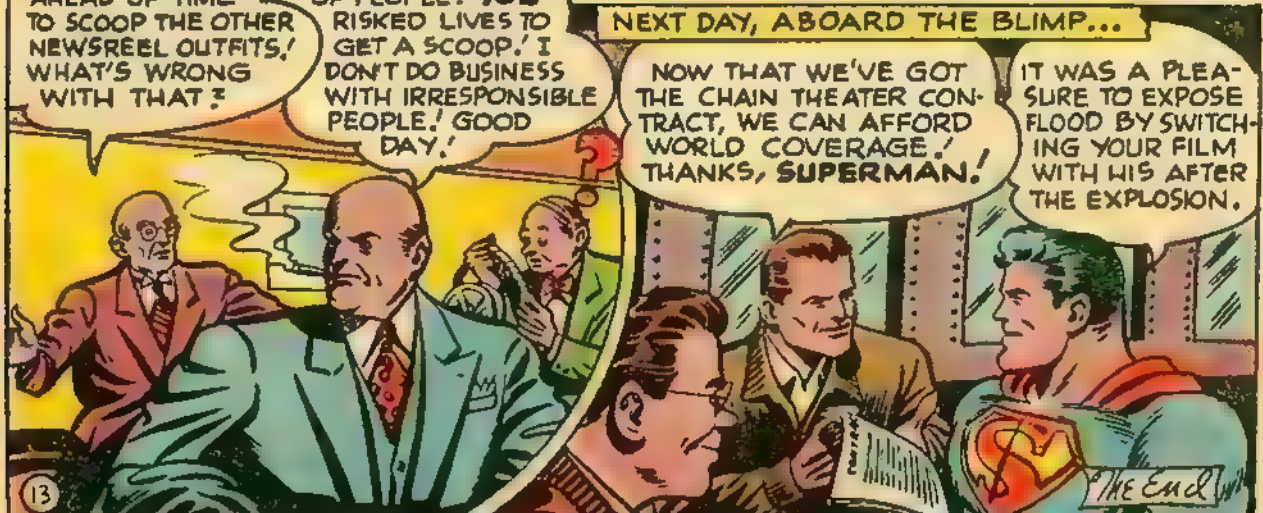
HUH! WHO FILMED
THAT? QUICK! STOP
THAT FILM! SOME-
THING'S WRONG!

I'LL SAY THERE
IS! THE POLICE
DIDN'T SET OFF
THAT BLAST!
YOU DID!

NEXT DAY, ABOARD THE BLIMP...

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT
THE CHAIN THEATER CON-
TRACT, WE CAN AFFORD
WORLD COVERAGE!
THANKS, SUPERMAN!

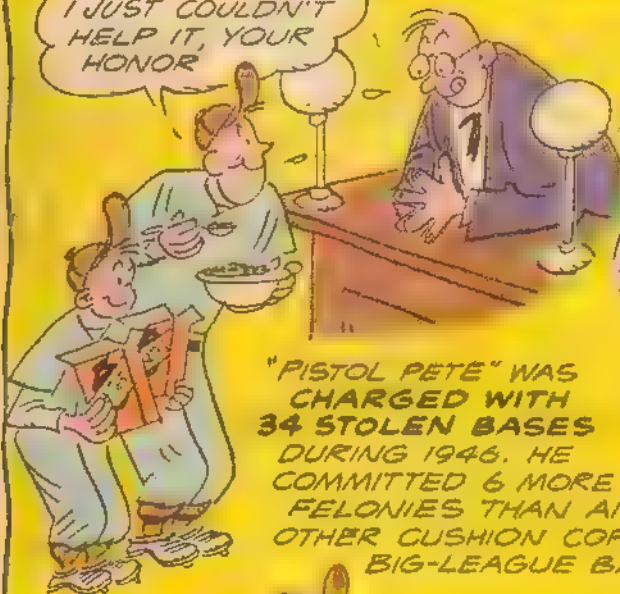
IT WAS A PLEA-
SURE TO EXPOSE
FLOOD BY SWITCH-
ING YOUR FILM
WITH HIS AFTER
THE EXPLOSION.



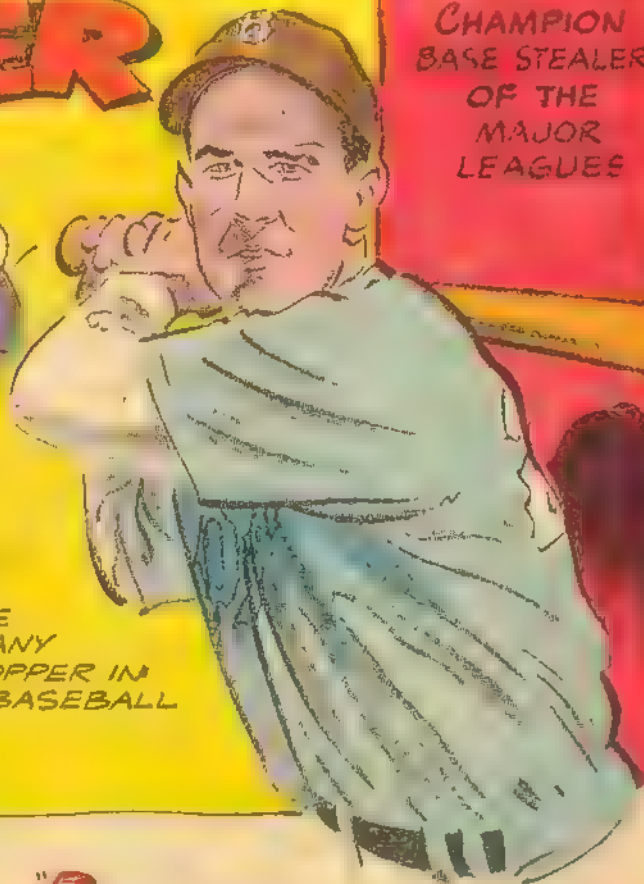
Pete REISER

CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES

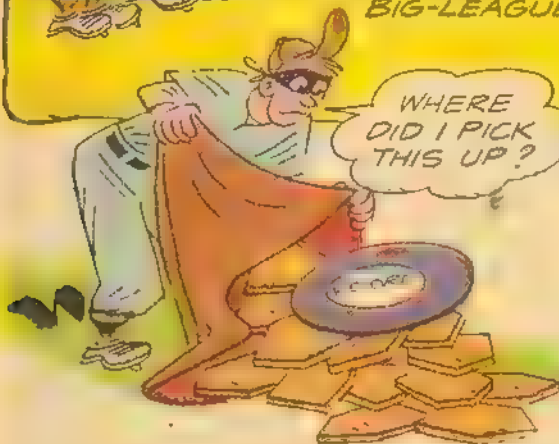
I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR



"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
34 STOLEN BASES
DURING 1946. HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL



WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?

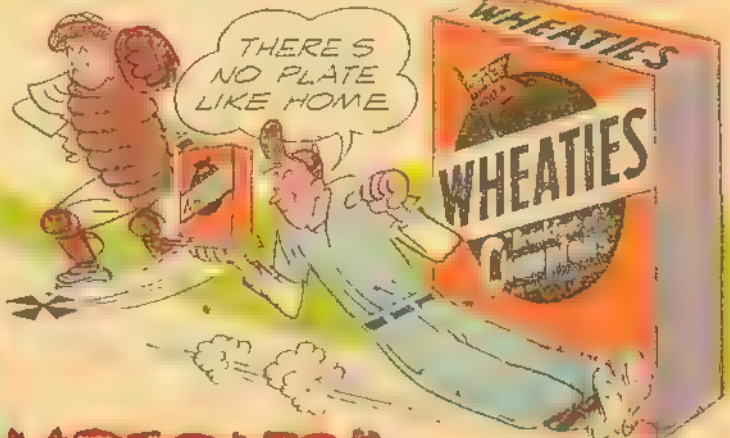


DON'T CATCH

ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU,"
SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER. "THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
-AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES 'EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE."
MAKE IT WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS," EVERY MORNING

AMONG REISER'S LOOT,
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE. WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES, PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD

THERE'S
NO PLATE
LIKE HOME



WHEATIES
BREAKFAST
WITH MILK
AND
FRUIT **OF CHAMPIONS™**

Wheaties is a registered trademark of General Mills, Inc.
General Mills, Inc.

CONGO BILL

LIFE AND DEATH
WALK HAND IN HAND
IN A TROPICAL JUNGLE-AND
SO, WHEN SLEEPING DOOM
STEALS OUT OF THE LUSH WILDER-
NESS TO MENACE THE LIFE OF A CHILD
MOVIE STAR, CONGO BILL GOES
DEEP INTO THE SYLVAN FASTNESS ON A
PERIL-FAUGHT HUNT IN...

**"The Quest
for Life!"**

CURLY SEMPLE'S LATEST PICTURE "JUNGLE" IS
BEING FILMED IN A TROPICAL SETTING, WHEN...

DADDY! DADDY!
OH! MY
HEAD...

CUT! SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH
MISS CURLY!

WHAT IS IT,
CURLY? TELL
MOTHER,
DARLING!

MY HEAD...
IT'S SO
HEAVY—
I'M SO-O-O
SLEEPY...

PACK UP!
WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF HERE
FAST!



BUT BACK IN CIVILIZATION...

CAN'T SOME-BODY SAVE MY CHILD? SHE'S JUST FADING AWAY!

MY DIAGNOSIS WOULD BE SLEEPING SICKNESS— BUT THIS COMA...NOTHING CAN BRING HER OUT OF IT...

VERY STRANGE...

UNTIL...

IT'S A RARE TROPICAL MALADY. "THE WASTING SLEEP," THEY CALL IT. WE HAVE NO CURE FOR IT, BUT THE NAPOMAYA INDIANS CONCOCT A POTION THAT EFFECTS CURES...

BUT THEY'RE IN SOUTH AMERICA! HOW CAN WE GET THIS POTION, DOCTOR?

THE NAPOMAYAS LIVE IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE AMAZON—AND THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN REACH THEM—AND GET BACK IN TIME—IS CONGO BILL!

CONGO BILL! OH, HE CAN'T REFUSE US!

AN URGENT CALL GOES OUT TO CONGO BILL, AND...

YOU HAVE TWO WEEKS AT THE MOST TO MAKE THE TRIP AND RETURN, CONGO BILL. OTHERWISE —

TWO WEEKS FOR SUCH A TRIP!

PLEASE— OH, PLEASE, TRY, CONGO BILL!

SUDDENLY THE STRICKEN CHILD STAR EMERGES BRIEFLY FROM HER COMA...

CONGO BILL... HE CAN DO ANYTHING...

I DON'T RATE SUCH FAITH, CURLY! BUT I'LL TRY TO JUSTIFY IT!

BY PLANE AND CANOE, CONGO BILL RACES INTO THE JUNGLE...

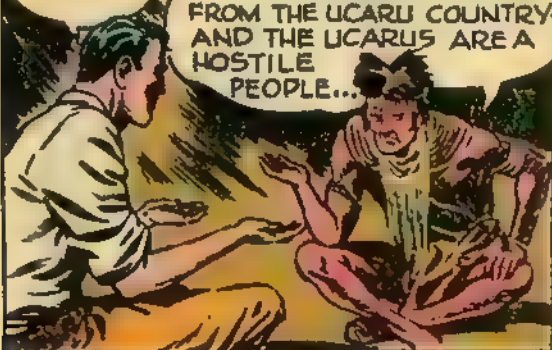
FASTER, MEN! FASTER!



AT LAST, IN A MEDICINE-MAN'S HUT FAR UP THE AMAZON RIVER...

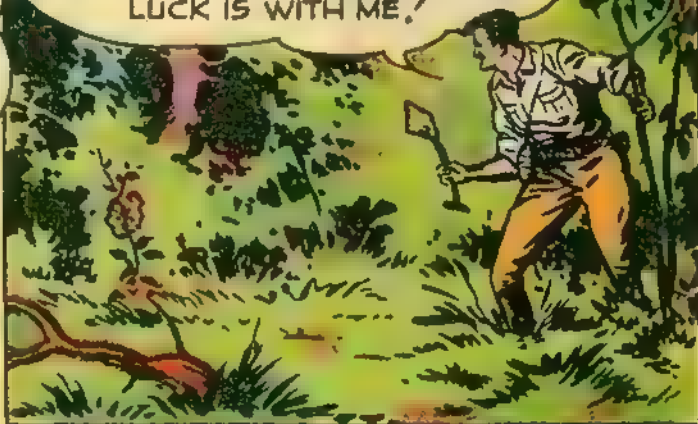
A CHILD IS DYING, MARBICHI—AND ONLY YOUR ELIXIR CAN SAVE HER!

FOR YOU, CONGO BILL, I WILL CONCOCT THE ELIXIR! BUT YOU MUST BRING ME ROOTS OF THE MAMMOTH INSECT-CATCHER FROM THE UCARU COUNTRY—AND THE UCARUS ARE A HOSTILE PEOPLE...



SO BILL GOES DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE...

THERE'S THE INSECT-CATCHER! AND I HAVE ENTERED THE UCARU COUNTRY WITHOUT BEING SEEN! LUCK IS WITH ME!



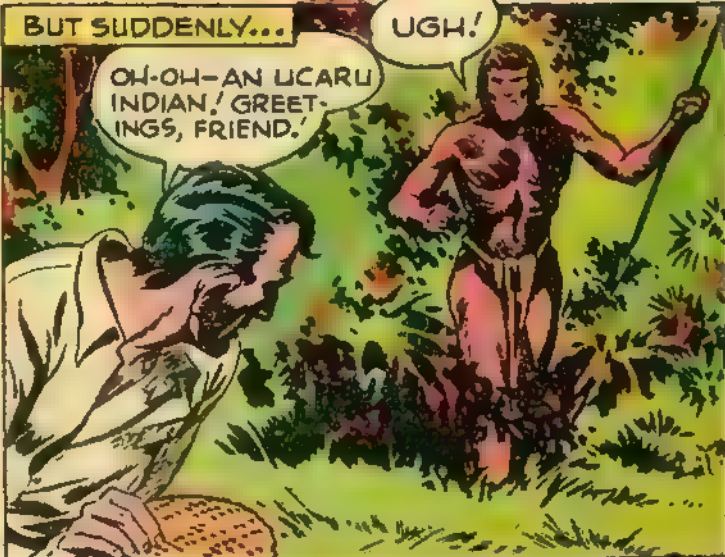
ONE-THIRD OF MY JOB IS DONE! WITH THIS SORT OF LUCK, I'LL BE BACK BEFORE—



BUT SUDDENLY...

UGH!

OH-OH—AN UCARU INDIAN! GREETINGS, FRIEND!



MY MISSION TO THE UCARU COUNTRY IS ONE OF PEACE!

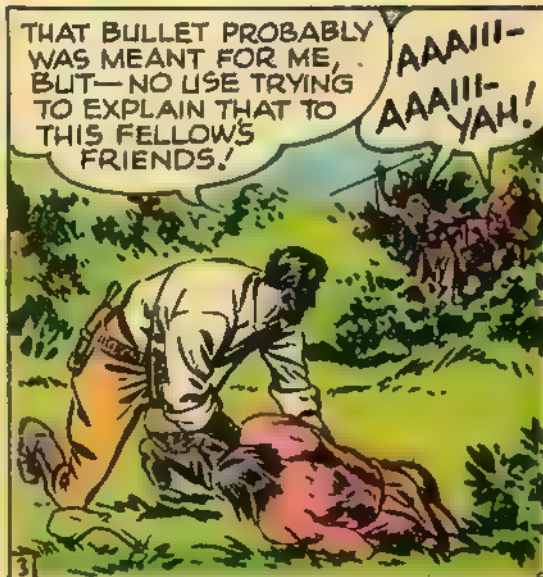
AAGH!

CRACK!



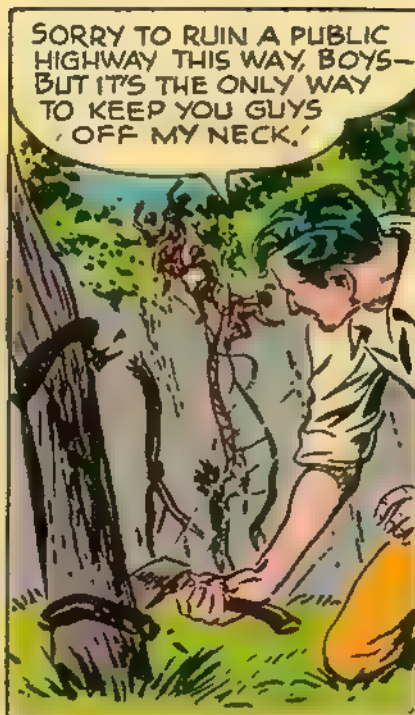
THAT BULLET PROBABLY WAS MEANT FOR ME, BUT—NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN THAT TO THIS FELLOW'S FRIENDS!

AAAII—
AAAII—
YAH!





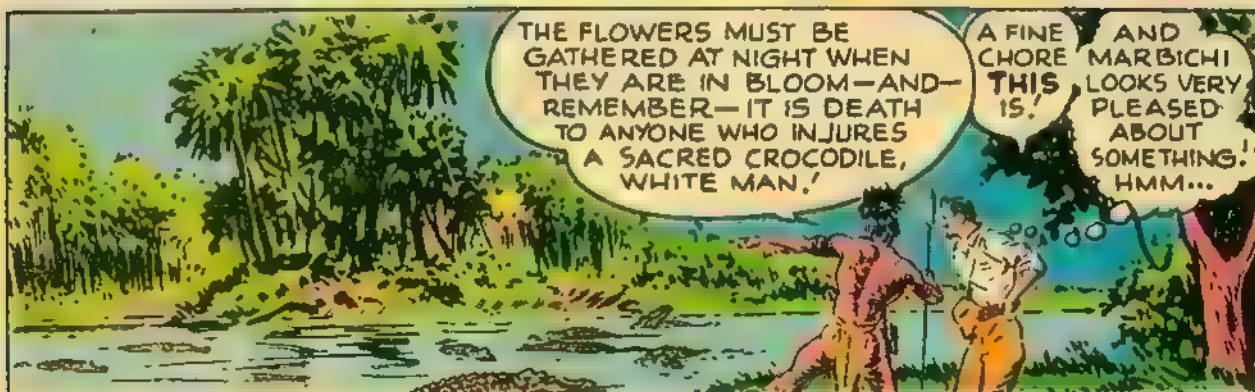
IF I CAN BEAT THEM
ACROSS THIS LIANA
VINE BRIDGE, I'M
SAFE!



SORRY TO RUIN A PUBLIC
HIGHWAY THIS WAY, BOYS—
BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO KEEP YOU GUYS
OFF MY NECK!

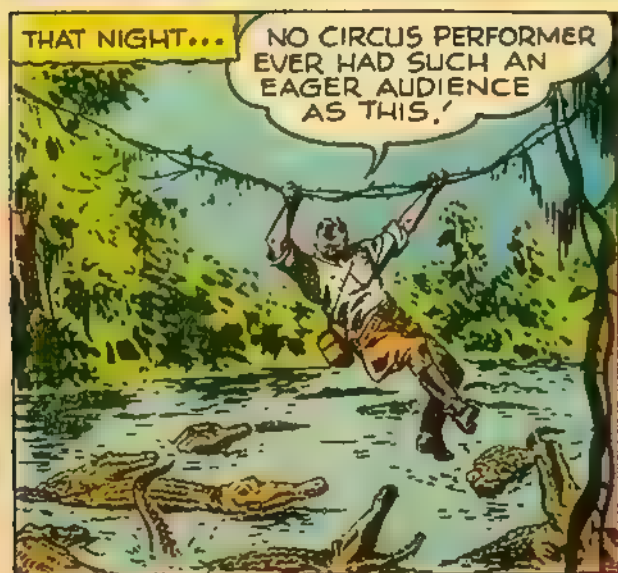


BACK IN MARBICHI'S HUT...
WHAT NEXT,
MARBICHI?
NEXT, YOU MUST
GATHER PETALS
OF THE FLOWER
OF THE MOON. COME—
I WILL TAKE YOU TO
THEIR GROWING
PLACE!

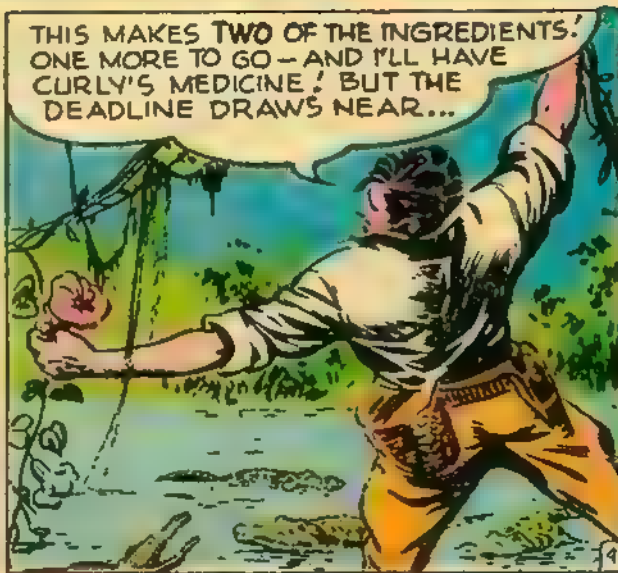


THE FLOWERS MUST BE
GATHERED AT NIGHT WHEN
THEY ARE IN BLOOM—AND—
REMEMBER—IT IS DEATH
TO ANYONE WHO INJURES
A SACRED CROCODILE,
WHITE MAN!

A FINE
CHORE
THIS
IS!
AND
MARBICHI
LOOKS VERY
PLEASED
ABOUT
SOMETHING!
HMM...



THAT NIGHT...
NO CIRCUS PERFORMER
EVER HAD SUCH AN
EAGER AUDIENCE
AS THIS!

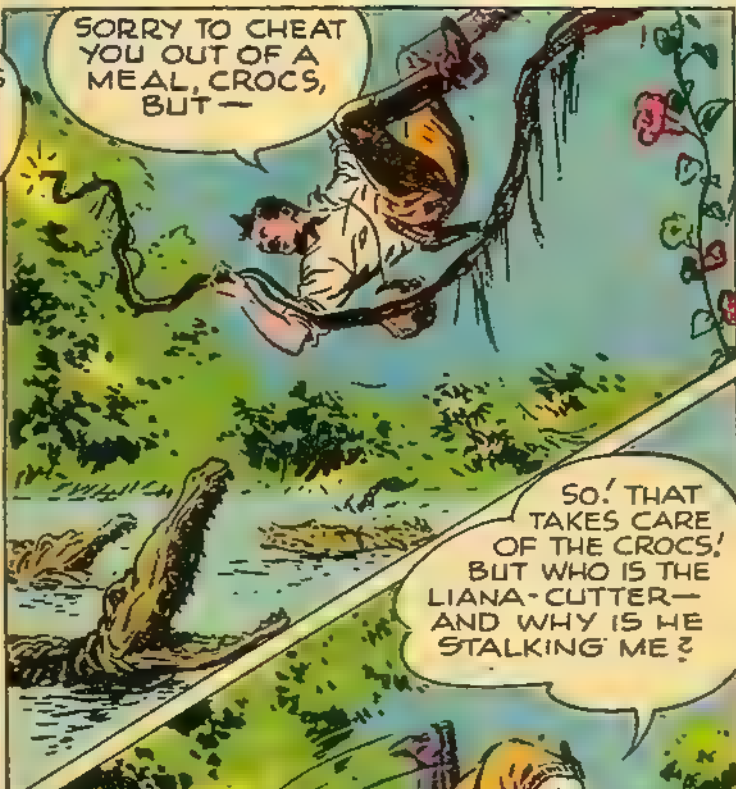


THIS MAKES TWO OF THE INGREDIENTS!
ONE MORE TO GO—AND I'LL HAVE
CURLY'S MEDICINE! BUT THE
DEADLINE DRAWS NEAR...



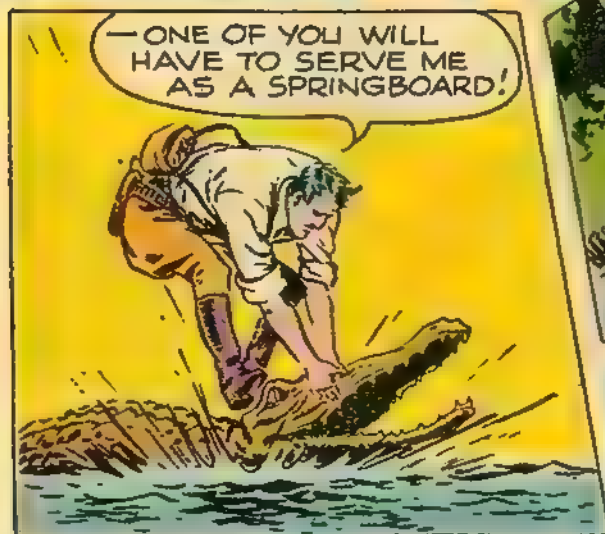
BUT SUDDENLY...

THAT FLASH OF LIGHT! MOON-LIGHT ON STEEL! THERE'S A STEEL BLADE IN THAT TREE! AND THE LIANA VINE IS TREMBLING—IT'S BEING CUT!

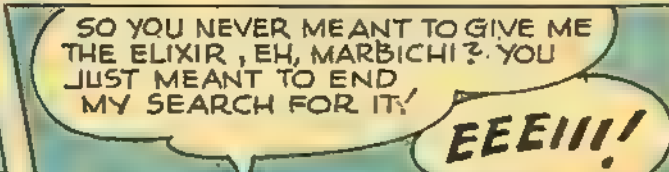
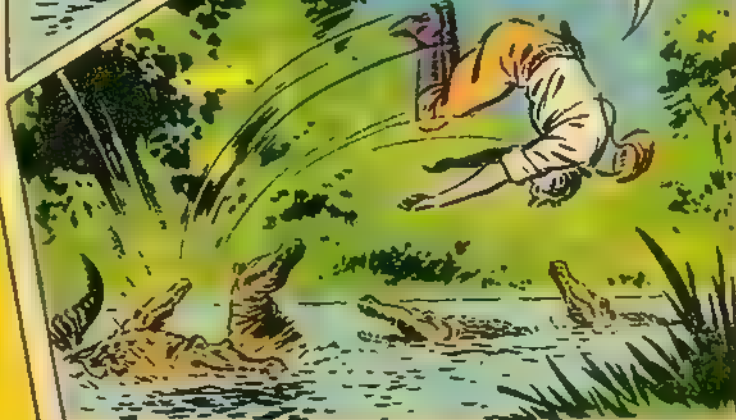


SORRY TO CHEAT YOU OUT OF A MEAL, CROCS, BUT—

SO! THAT TAKES CARE OF THE CROCS! BUT WHO IS THE LIANA-CUTTER—AND WHY IS HE STALKING ME?

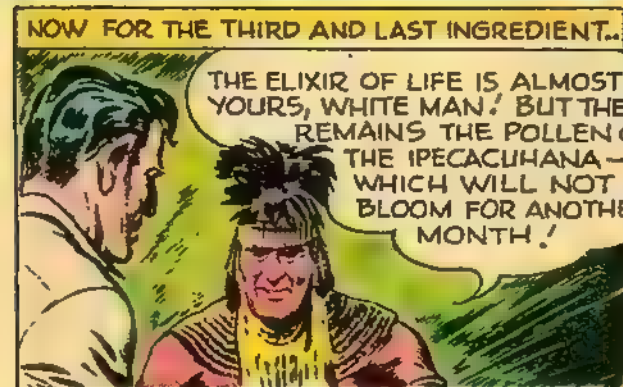


—ONE OF YOU WILL HAVE TO SERVE ME AS A SPRINGBOARD!



SO YOU NEVER MEANT TO GIVE ME THE ELIXIR, EH, MARBICHI? YOU JUST MEANT TO END MY SEARCH FOR IT!

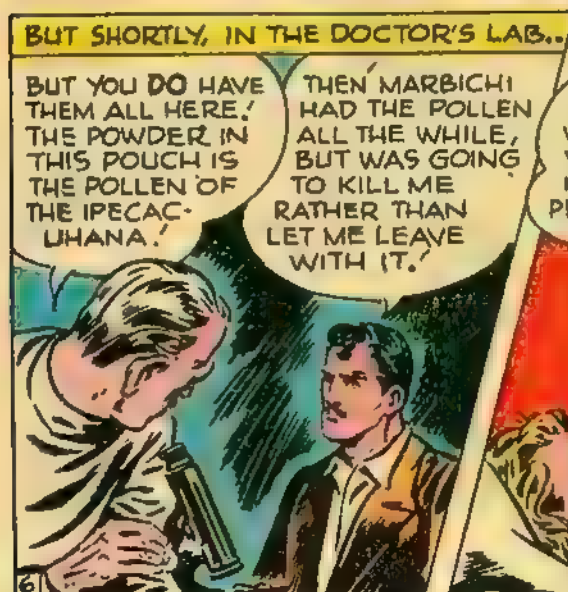
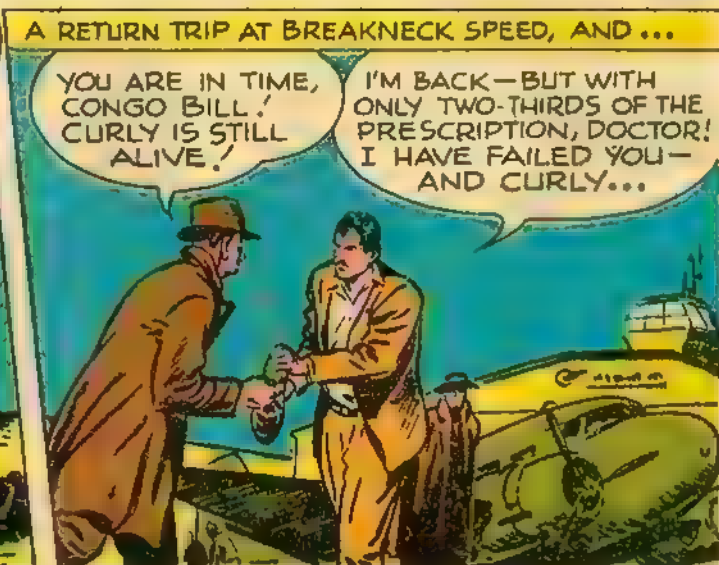
EEEE!!!



NOW FOR THE THIRD AND LAST INGREDIENT...

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE IS ALMOST YOURS, WHITE MAN! BUT THERE REMAINS THE POLLEN OF THE IPECACUHANNA—WHICH WILL NOT BLOOM FOR ANOTHER MONTH!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

WAMQOMRK MW TE-
VX SJ WYQQIVW JYR.
HSR'X WTSMP MX. SFIC
WEJIXC VYPIW ALMPI
MR XLI AEXIV

SUPERMAN.

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

AUG

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

**LOOK AT BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ—
BILL'S ANIMAL PICTURES!**

HEY BILL—WAIT UP!
WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE
NEAT PICTURES!

THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON.
YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

THAT'S FOR US!

HERE'S THE LATEST
—A SEAL!

GOSH! SUCK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M—

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!

GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—
a picture prize in every package!

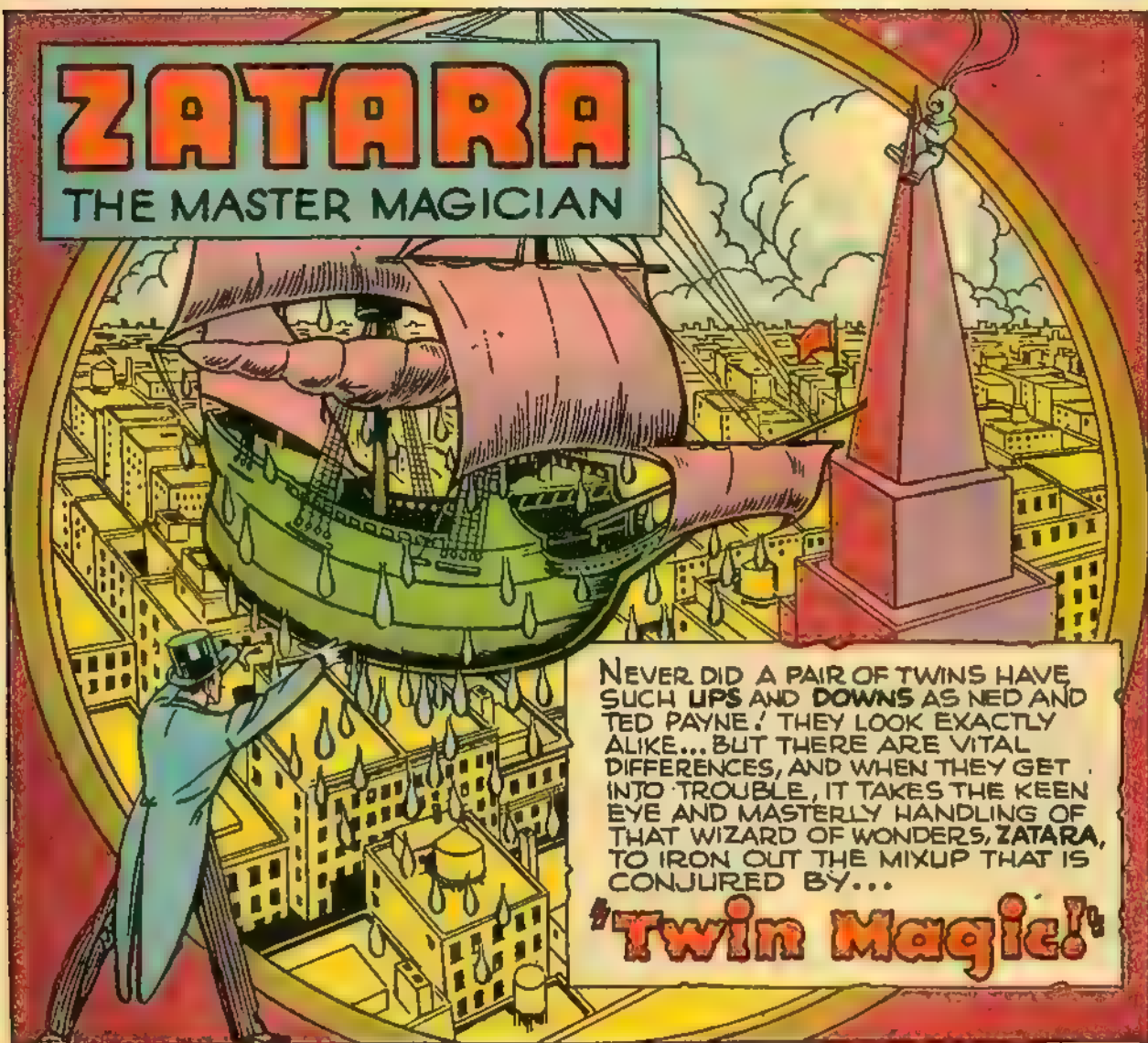
EASY— Mom just irons 'em on! Come
out sharp and clear—stand many wash-
ings. There's one as a prize in every
package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—IN KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!

KIDS LOVE IT, MOM! Full of
that can't-be-copied Kellogg's flavor!
Full of good old-fashioned, energy-giv-
ing nourishment, too!

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN



NEVER DID A PAIR OF TWINS HAVE SUCH UPS AND DOWNS AS NED AND TED PAYNE! THEY LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE... BUT THERE ARE VITAL DIFFERENCES, AND WHEN THEY GET INTO TROUBLE, IT TAKES THE KEEN EYE AND MASTERLY HANDLING OF THAT WIZARD OF WONDERS, ZATARA, TO IRON OUT THE MIXUP THAT IS CONJURED BY...

'Twin Magic!'

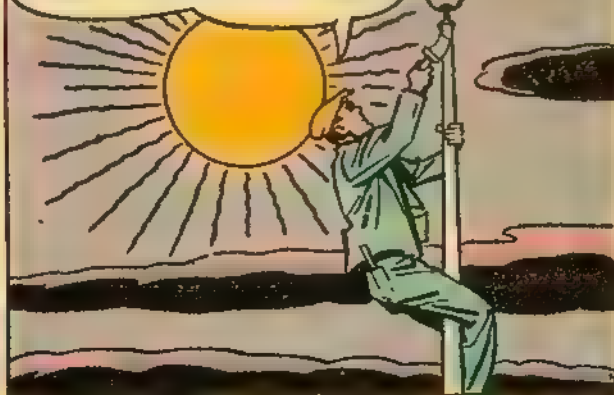
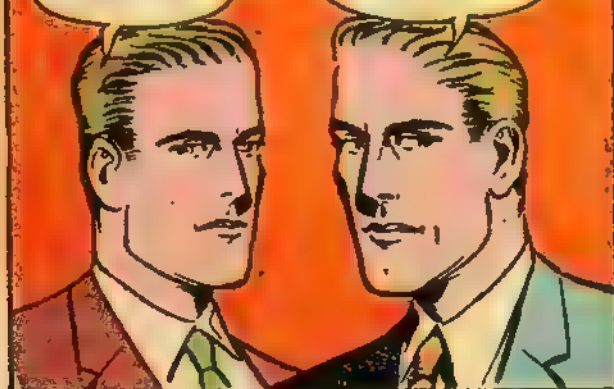
MEET NED AND TED PAYNE... ALIKE AS TWO PEAS IN A POD.'

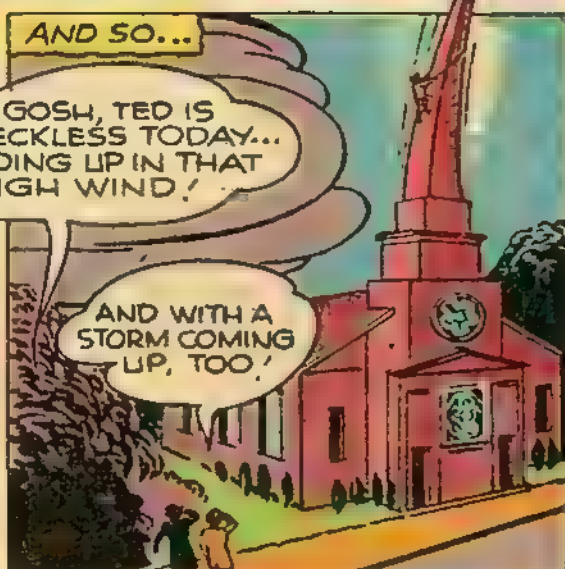
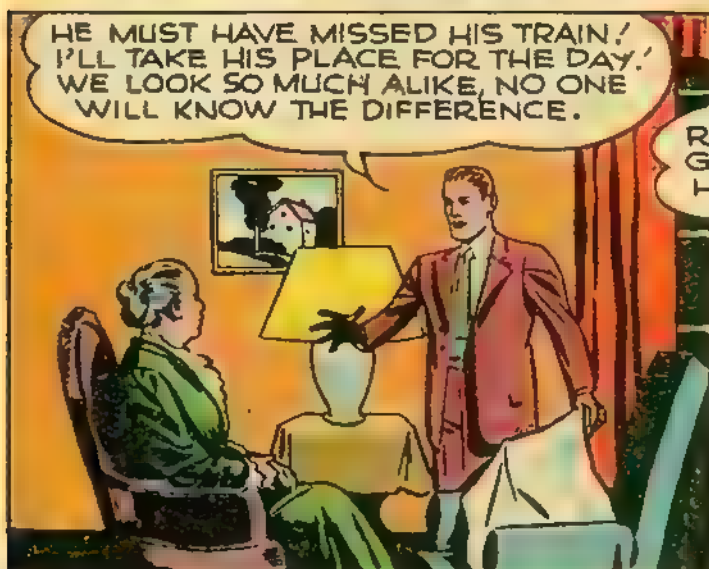
OUR BEST FRIENDS CAN'T TELL US APART.'

SOMETIMES I EVEN FORGET WHICH ONE I AM.'

BUT WHEN THEY WORK..THERE'S A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.' TAKE TED.

I LOVE WORKING IN HIGH PLACES! FLAGPOLES AND STEEPLES ARE MY SPECIALTIES!







MEANWHILE...

HELLO, MOM! MY TRAIN WAS LATE! I'VE GOT TO HURRY TO MY JOB...

DON'T WORRY, TED... NED REPORTED TO WORK FOR YOU! BUT HIS BOSS JUST PHONED FOR NED TO DO A RUSH SALVAGE JOB! IT'S A BIG IMPORTANT JOB, AND...

DON'T WORRY, MOM! I'LL RETURN THE FAVOR! I'LL DO NED'S JOB, AND NOBODY WILL KNOW I'M NOT NED!

BUT ON THE SALVAGE VESSEL THERE IS SOMEONE WHO NOTICES SOMETHING WRONG... ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN!

RIGHT ARM FIRST, NED... NOT LEFT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

GLAD YOU VISITED US TO LEARN HOW SALVAGE BOATS WORK, ZATARA!

I'M LEARNING ALREADY! I NEVER KNEW THAT DONNING A DIVING SUIT WAS SUCH A CLUMSY JOB! NEW MAN?

NO. NED PAYNE'S AN EXPERT DIVER!

HMM, THEN THERE MUST BE ANOTHER REASON FOR HIS USING THE WRONG ARM! I'LL TEST HIM...

SO LONG, NED... HOPE YOU FIND THE TREASURE!

HE WAVED BACK WITH HIS LEFT ARM...

AND THE MAN HELPING HIM PUT THE AIR LINE IN HIS **RIGHT** HAND, AND PAYNE CHANGED IT TO HIS **LEFT** NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... HE'S **LEFT**-HANDED... AND THEY THINK HE'S **RIGHT**-HANDED!



AND NOW ZATARA MAKES ANOTHER
BRILLIANT DEDUCTION...

CAPTAIN, DOES PAYNE
HAVE A TWIN
BROTHER?

WHY, YES, HE HAS AN
IDENTICAL TWIN... BUT
HOW DID YOU GUESS?
MORE OF YOUR
MAGIC?

NO, CAPTAIN... JUST
BRAINWORK! WHEN
TWINS ARE IDENTICAL,
ONE IS USUALLY RIGHT-
HANDED AND THE
OTHER LEFT-HANDED!

THAT EXPLAINS IT... THE LEFT-
HANDED TWIN IS TAKING THE
RIGHT-HANDED TWIN'S PLACE
ON THIS JOB! I WONDER
WHY?

AS ZATARA PONDER'S, TROUBLE LOOMS UNDER
WATER!

HMM, IT ISN'T AS EASY TO
BREATHE IN THIS THING AS
I THOUGHT!

HE'S TUGGING AT THE AIR
LINE—PULL HIM UP,
QUICK!

WE CAN'T BUDGE
IT... IT MUST BE
FOULED! THIS IS
TERRIBLE, ZATARA!

I'LL SEE WHAT'S
WRONG.

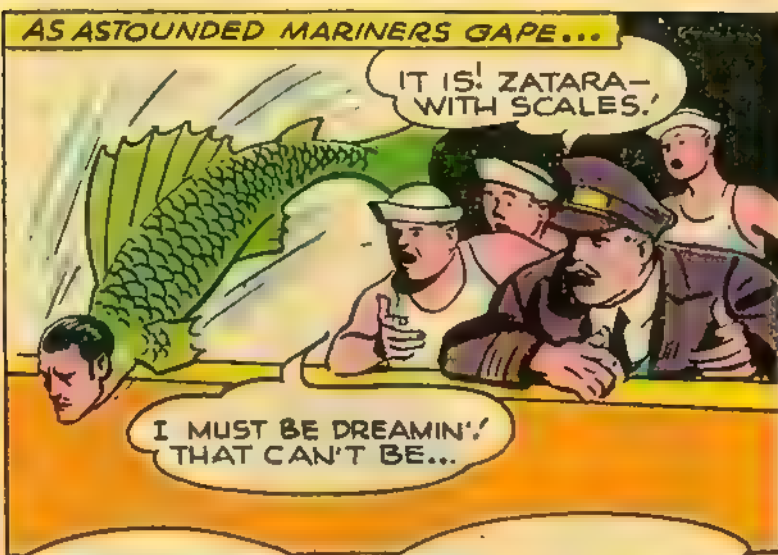


EMOCEB HSIF,*



* READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

AS ASTOUNDED MARINERS GAPE...



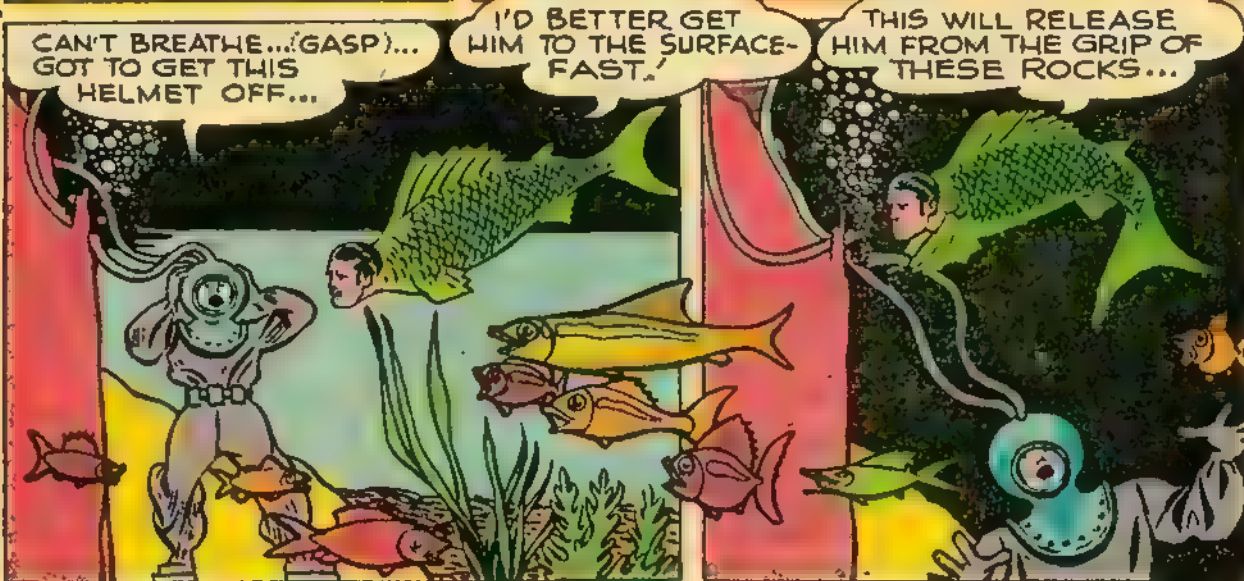
IT IS! ZATARA—
WITH SCALES!

I MUST BE DREAMIN'!
THAT CAN'T BE...

CAN'T BREATHE...(GASP)...
GOT TO GET THIS
HELMET OFF...

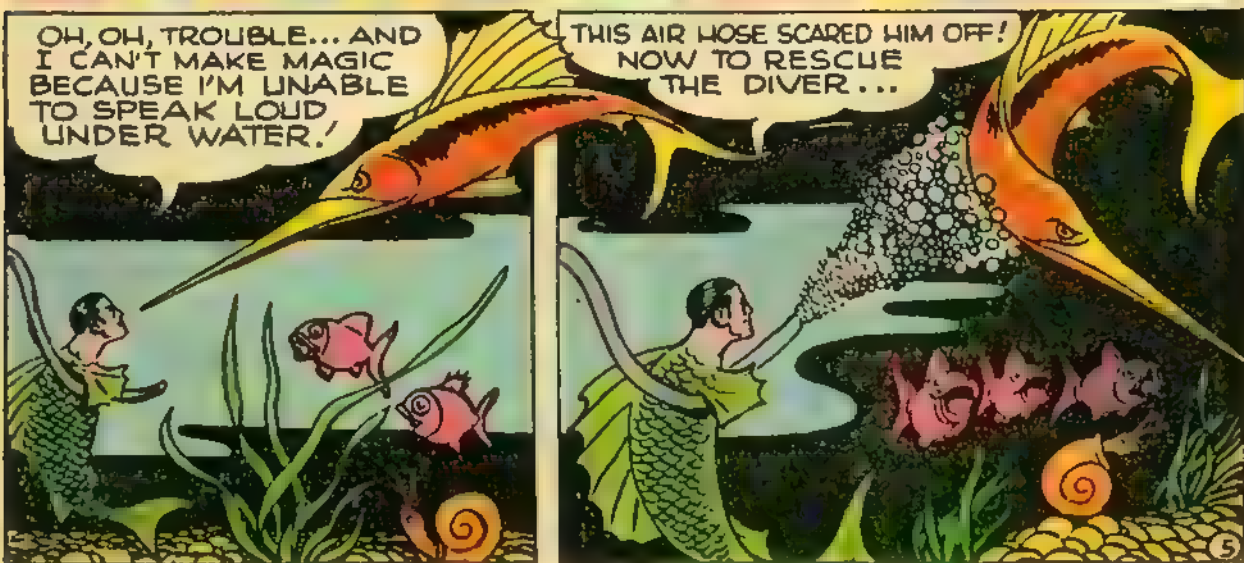
I'D BETTER GET
HIM TO THE SURFACE—
FAST!

THIS WILL RELEASE
HIM FROM THE GRIP OF
THESE ROCKS...



OH, OH, TROUBLE... AND
I CAN'T MAKE MAGIC
BECAUSE I'M UNABLE
TO SPEAK LOUD
UNDER WATER!

THIS AIR HOSE SCARED HIM OFF!
NOW TO RESCUE
THE DIVER...



5



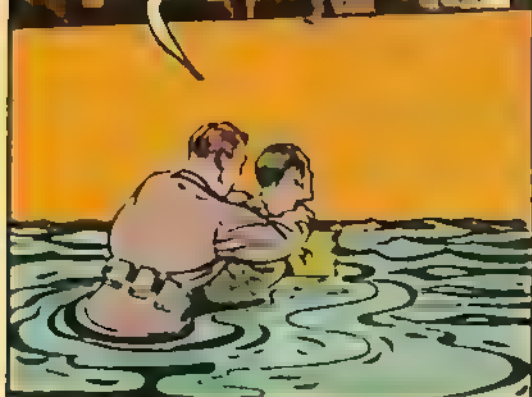
SECONDS LATER...

LIFT HIM OUT, MEN...
HE NEEDS FIRST
AID!

AYE, AYE,
ZATARA!

HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW,
ZATARA! BUT I GUESS
WE'LL HAVE TO STOP
SALVAGE WORK
FOR THE DAY!

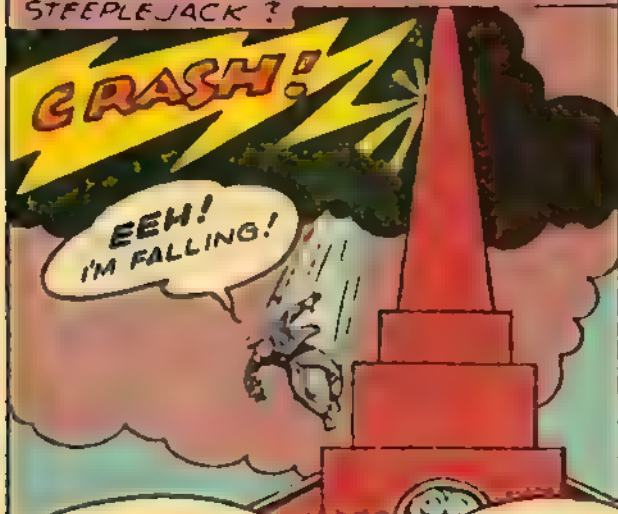
NOT NECESSARILY, CAPTAIN!
YOUR DIVER MADE A BRAVE
TRY... AND I ADMIRE
COURAGE! I'LL TAKE
OVER FOR HIM!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF NED, THE NOVICE
STEEPLEJACK?

CRASH!

EEH!
I'M FALLING!



AND AS NED FACES DIRE PERIL...

TAOB, ESIR!

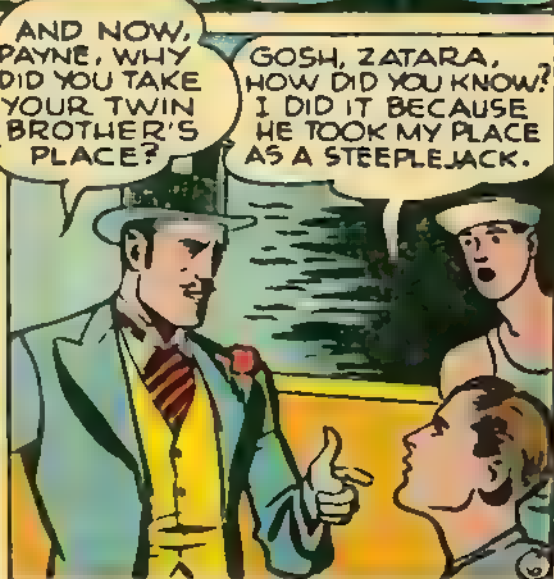
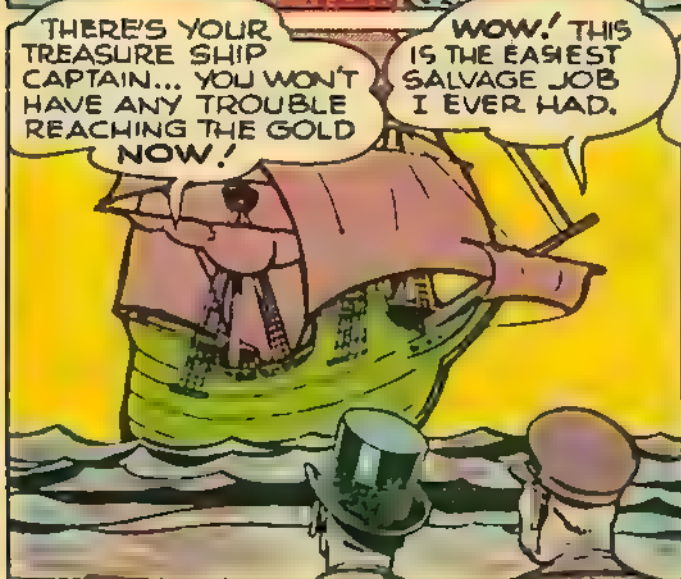


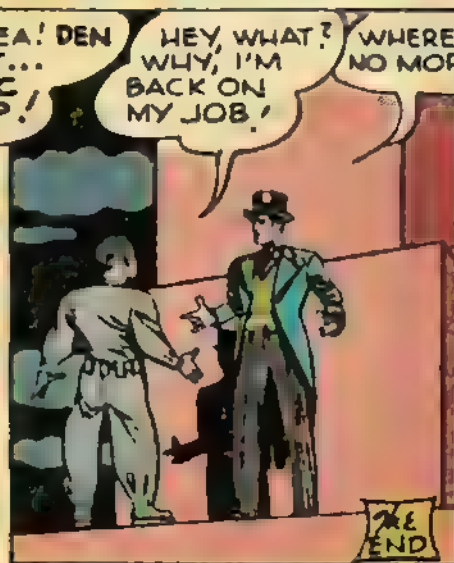
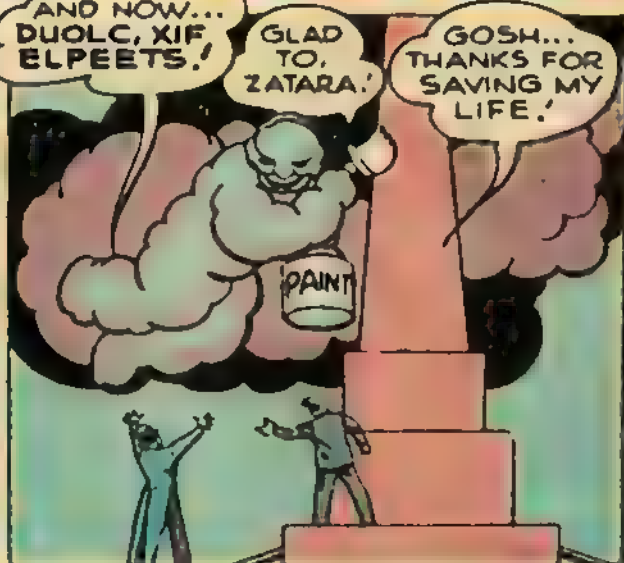
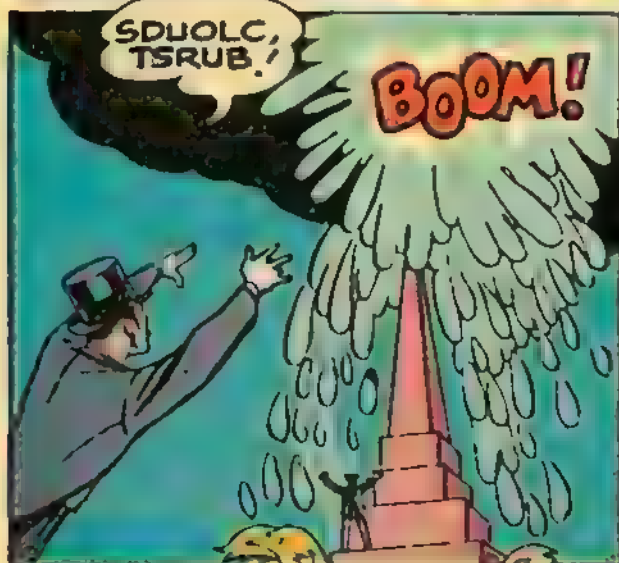
THERE'S YOUR
TREASURE SHIP
CAPTAIN... YOU WON'T
HAVE ANY TROUBLE
REACHING THE GOLD
NOW!

WOW! THIS
IS THE EASIEST
SALVAGE JOB
I EVER HAD.

AND NOW,
PAYNE, WHY
DID YOU TAKE
YOUR TWIN
BROTHER'S
PLACE?

GOSH, ZATARA,
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I DID IT BECAUSE
HE TOOK MY PLACE
AS A STEEPLJACK.





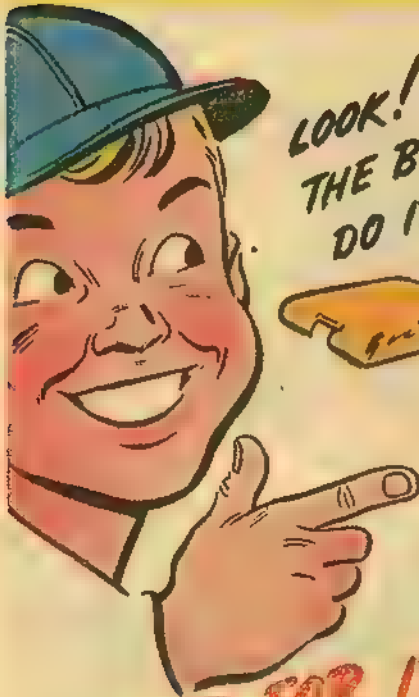
For the Magic OF THE MASTER OF WONDERS, READ THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF ZATARA IN EVERY ISSUE OF **WONDERFUL FINEST COMICS** AS WELL AS IN



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INSIDE BASEBALL

FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



LOOK! JUST LIKE
THE BIG LEAGUERS
DO IT!



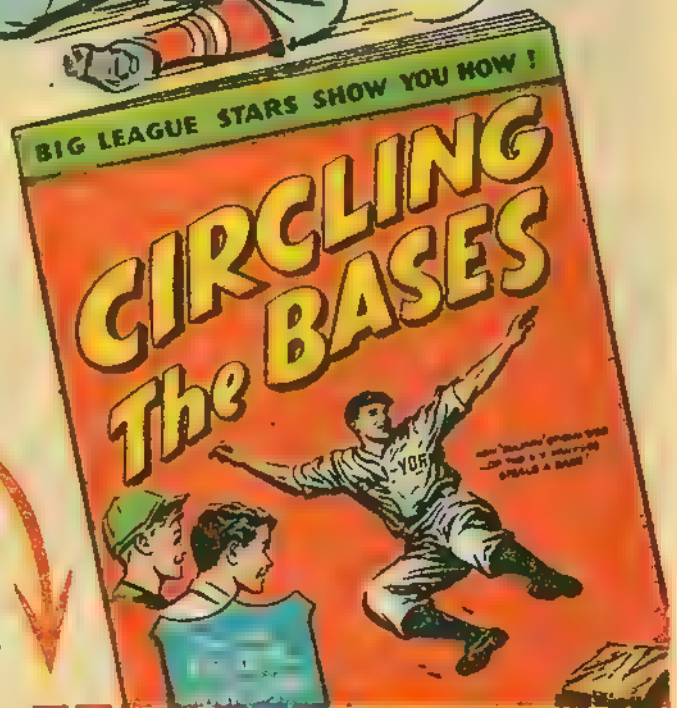
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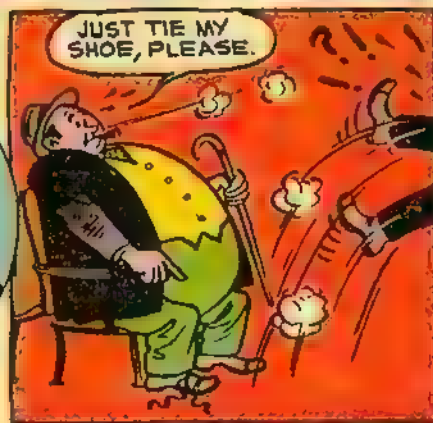
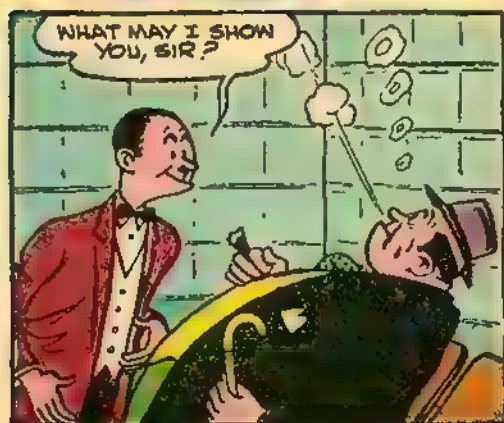
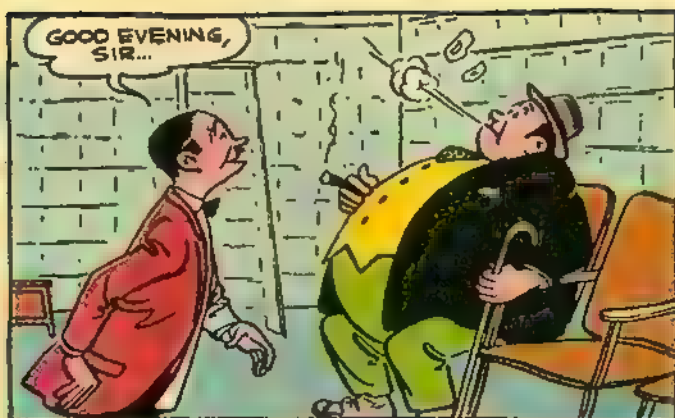
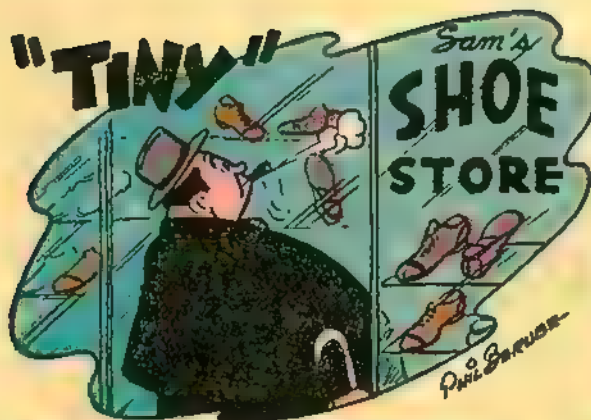


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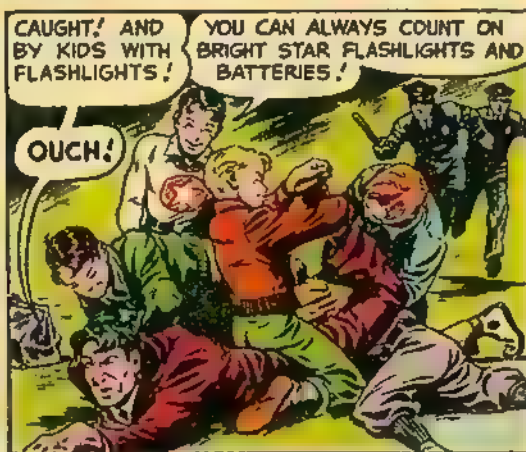
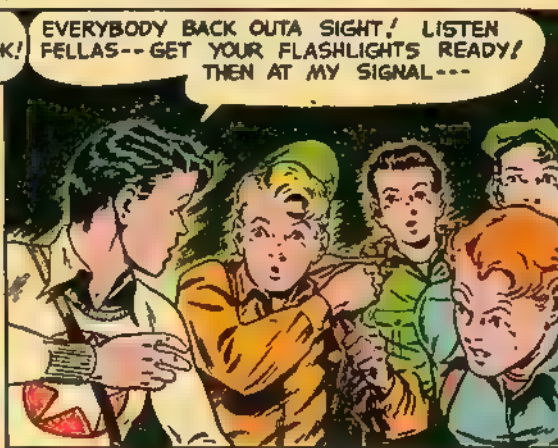
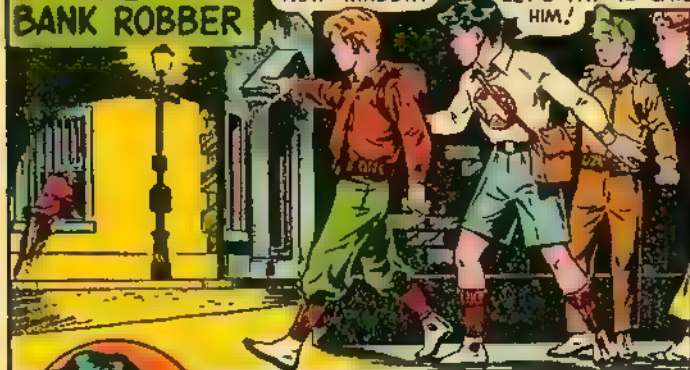
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ADVERTISEMENT

TRAPPING THE BANK ROBBER



OBSERVATION POST

by Stan Carter

Scoutmaster Henry Bedrick cleared his throat. He looked at the eager young faces before him and sighed. He'd been very proud the day Mr. Bard, who was Henry's boss at the rubber factory, had asked him to become scoutmaster of a troop. The pride had been somewhat dampened when Henry, a month later, overheard Mr. Bard say to Mr. Vincent, the vice-president: "Vinnie, it's too bad we had to get Bedrick in, but no one else seems to want to worry about our youth any more."

And Vincent had laughed. "Well, what can you expect from a man who has been a book-keeper so long, Chief? But he does get along with kids. My own boy said so."

Yes, that had hurt. But with the passage of weeks, Henry had thrown himself into the task. A voracious reader anyway, he devoted himself to absorbing everything he could on scouting. After all, there were merit badges to be passed out, examinations to be given.

"Well, boys," Henry said, "just remember, a scout must also be observant. It's not enough to detect a fire. We've got to know how the fire started, so that a warning may prevent a recurrence. Understand?"

"Sure," the boys chorused. "We understand, Mr. Bedrick." For a month Henry had been drilling them for Fire Prevention Week, slated to start the following day. The boys had been enlisted to look for violations and correct them.

Now, armed with pamphlets provided by the Fire Chief, they went home. Henry walked part of the way with young Vincent, the vice-president's son. Terry Vincent had grown quite fond of his scoutmaster.

"Gosh, I wish we could get Bobby Bard to join our troop, Mr. Bedrick," Terry said. "He'll be just the right age tomorrow."

Henry smiled sadly. "I'm afraid his father thinks a military school is the place for him."

Terry shook his head. "No, sir, not in the summer. His father told my father that because of so much in the papers about this kidnaping of rich men's children, he's keeping Bobby at home this summer." Terry looked at Henry. "What's it like to be kidnaped, Mr. Bedrick?" he asked.

"I wouldn't know," said Henry. His eyes lit up. "But you can bet a kidnaped scout would

soon find a way to outwit his abductors."

At the corner of Main and Elm he said goodbye to young Vincent. "Remember, bright and early tomorrow morning there's work to do, Terry."

It was while they were canvassing the apartment-house area next day that the news broke in the afternoon papers. Henry, stunned, looked at the headlines announcing the kidnaping of Bobby Bard, heir to the Bard millions.

"I—I can't believe it," he said to the excited boys crowding around him. "It just doesn't seem possible." His eyes studied the group, his thin lips set. "It is unlikely that whoever kidnaped him, left Bobby in the city. But, just the same, keep your eyes open." Henry looked at his watch, then at the program he held. "Mund, though, we've got to do our fire prevention work on schedule."

"Yes, sir," chorused the dozen boys with him. "We will."

They separated, each going to different floors in the building, distributing Fire Prevention circulars. Henry, on the sixth floor, placed his printed forms between the doorknob and door of each apartment.

Suddenly he sniffed, smelling smoke. Following his nose, he saw paper smoldering in a huge earthenware urn placed outside an apartment door. Someone had carelessly dropped a lighted cigarette on the paper. Henry's lips tightened. He rang the bell of 6B, and squared his shoulders, snug in his Scoutmaster's uniform.

The bull-necked man who opened the door stared at Henry for a moment, then burst out laughing. "Whaddya know, a Boy Scout." Glowering, he asked, "Whaddya want, sonny?"

Henry's face flamed. "I just want to point out to you, sir, that it is dangerous to drop cigarettes in containers holding paper. It creates a fire hazard."

"On your way, sonny boy!" The bull-necked man's fist shot out. He intended only to push Henry away and close the door. He reckoned without Henry's knowledge of judo, something he had acquired in the past three months.

Fearing a punch, Henry deftly caught the man's arm, twisted it. The man grunted, sank to his knees. As he did so, another man moved from the interior of the room. Henry's eyes saw the scene for only an instant. But it was

enough. Tied to a chair, a gag in his mouth, was young Bobby Bard!

Surprise caused Henry to lessen his grip. The next instant, something hit him on the side of the head.

When he came to, he was still sitting on the floor. The tall man, named Skinny, sat opposite him. He was talking to the man named Nicky.

"Don't take the kid out of the city, you said. Leave him here till the heat blows off. Bah!"

"So what?" Nicky's voice was hard. "Did I expect this Boy Scout? On your feet, Boy Scout." He waved the gun. "And sit over there." He indicated a chair by the window. "Wait a minute—pick up that butt."

Henry picked up the lighted cigarette, started toward the chair beside the window. A cool breeze fanned his heated face. Suddenly, Henry blinked. There was an ash tray on the window sill. . . .

Then, into his mind came something he had observed earlier about the apartment building. He was almost smiling as his hand reached out toward the ash tray. Then he sat down, anxiously to await his fate.

The two kidnapers seemed as undecided as Henry. Skinny looked at his watch. "I'll give Patsy another half hour to contact old Bard. Then we move out of here with the kid."

"What about him?" He jerked his head toward Henry.

"He doesn't go with us."

Henry shivered. He had craved excitement all his life. But this was more than he'd anticipated; thirty minutes to live. Unless . . .

Time dragged on, each second seeming years. Henry's face grew first hot, then cold. Five minutes . . . ten minutes . . . fifteen . . . if

only something would happen! If only this Patsy didn't show up too soon. He felt almost faint as he heard the siren of the fire engine screaming. It grew louder and louder.

Nicky went to the window. "It's in this building, Skinny." He was leaning out. "It's okay. Just the canopy on fire." Turning, he leered at Henry. "And some Boy Scouts blocking traffic."

Had Nicky sharp ears he might have heard Henry's heart leap. For now Henry was confident that things would be all right. He sat still, tense, waiting for the doorbell to ring. .

When it did, he almost leaped from his chair.

"I'll take it," Skinny said. "It's Patsy."

He opened the door. "What in . . . ?"

His exclamation caused Nicky to turn, relax his vigilance on Henry. The latter sprang, shouting, "Come in boys!"

Even if the police hadn't arrived to quell the disturbance, it is doubtful whether Nicky and Skinny could have long withstood the combined fury of twelve Boy Scouts and an enraged Scout Master. As the Sergeant said admiringly: /

"You boys sure mussed 'em up." He held out his hand to Henry. "That sure was a swell idea you had, throwing a cigarette out of the window and setting fire to the canopy."

Henry, bursting with pride, replied: "My boys are observant. I knew they'd check every apartment directly above the burned canopy. to warn the occupants to be careful. And you did, eh, boys?"

"Yes, sir," they chorused, including Bobby Bard, who had already decided what he'd do for the summer



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WHAT FULL-FASHIONED
FORM IS THIS,
PROWLING THE PARK
BY THE ZOO WHERE THE
SHADOWS LIE DISMAL
AND DARK,
AS MIDNIGHT ROLLS ROUND
WITH THE CLOCK'S
MEASURED CHIME?
SO HELP US, IT'S HENRY
IN QUEST OF A RHYME --
BUT DUE FOR A SHOCK,
WE FEAR GREATLY, INSTEAD,
WHEN HE SEES WHAT AWAITS
IN THE PATHWAY AHEAD!
THAT ANTHROPOID MONSTER
(GORILLA TO YOU)
STARTS OFF THE INCREDIBLE
CASE OF --

"WHO'S ZOO?"

FOR LET US PICTURE THE PUBLIC'S RESENTANCE
TO POOR HENRY'S PLEAS FOR POETIC ASSISTANCE...

THE WORD "DIATHERMIST" DESCRIBES THOSE WHO TREAT
MUSCULAR AILMENTS AND SUCH THINGS WITH HEAT --
BUT TRYING TO RHYME IT HAS GOT ME INSANE!

DON'T EXPECT ME TO
UN--RAMBLE YOUR BRAIN!

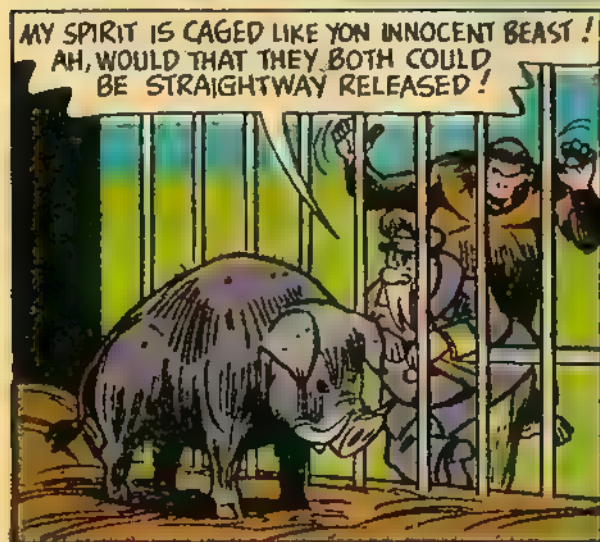
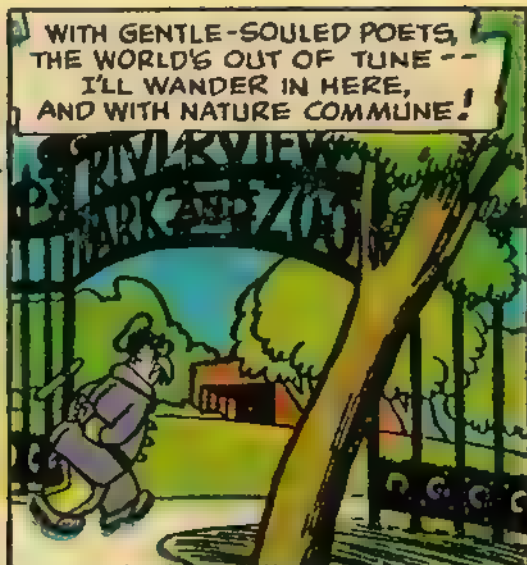
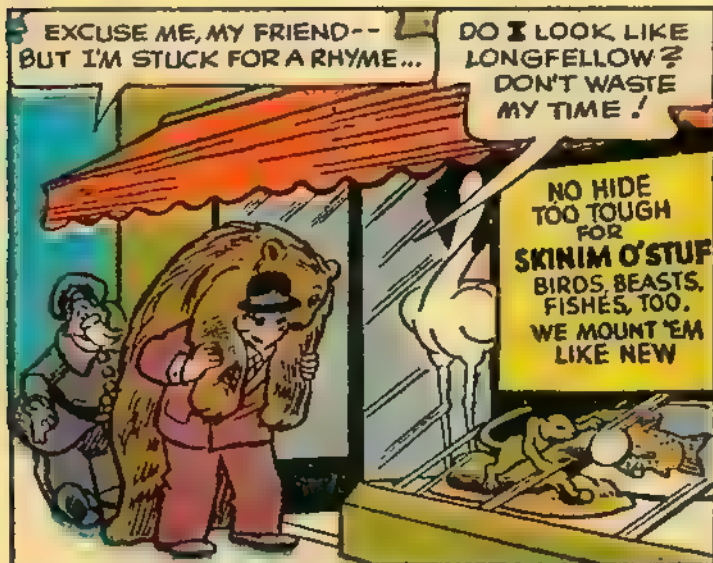


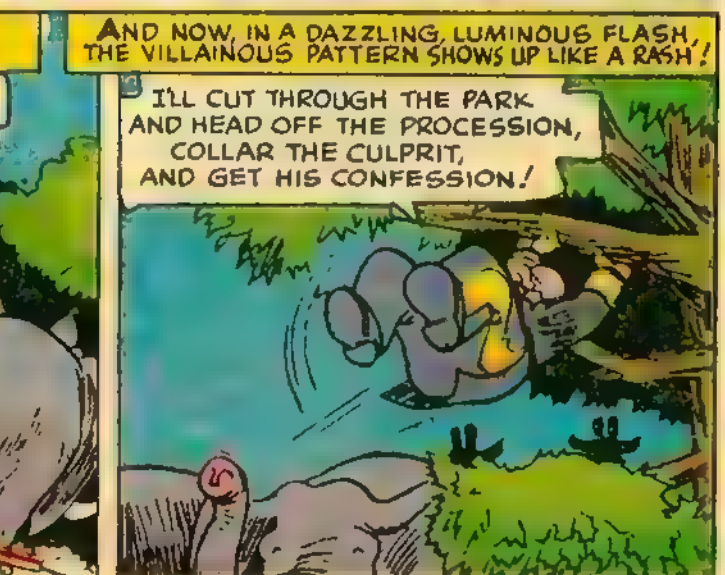
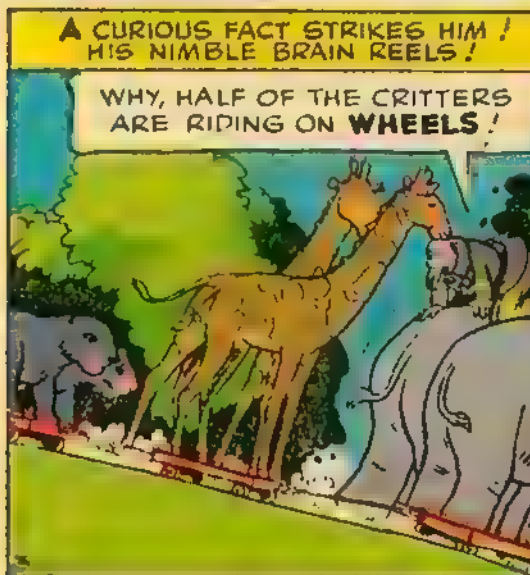
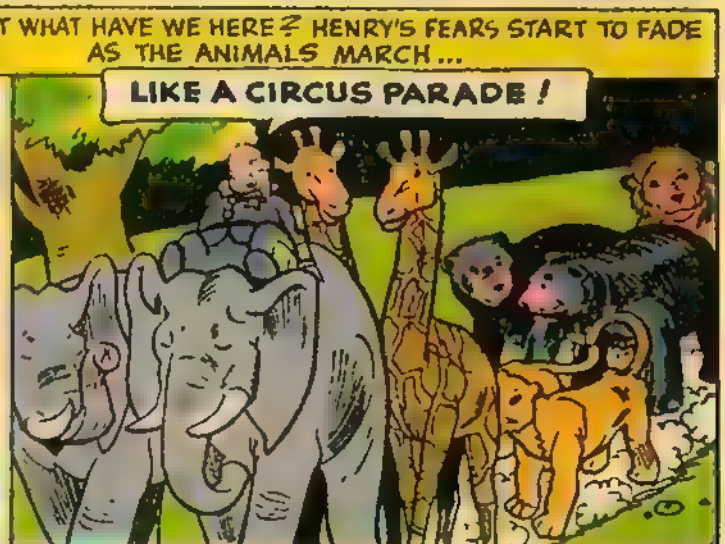
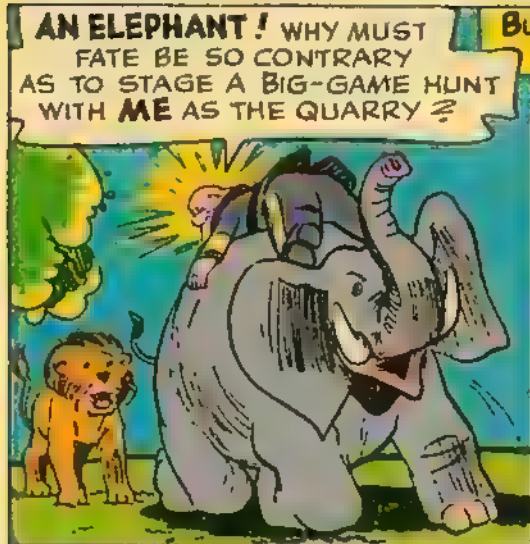
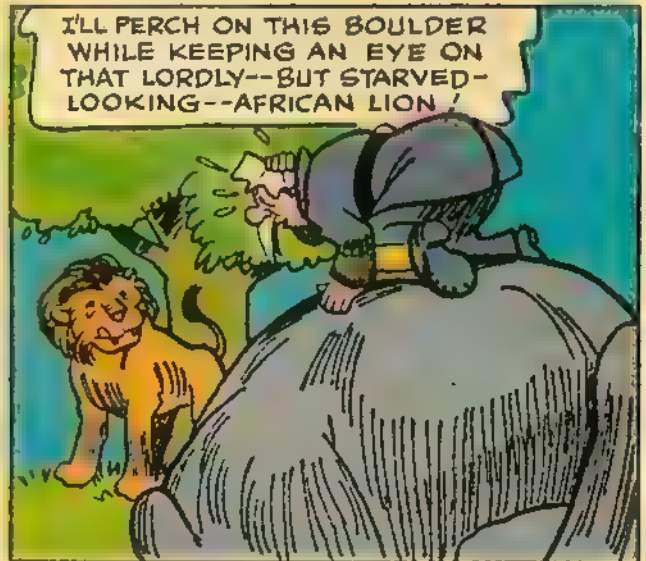
DA NINE O' DAT COPPER!

HIS HEAD'S CRACKED--
BUT GOOD!

ALAS 'TIS
MY FATE
TO BE
MISUNDERSTOOD!



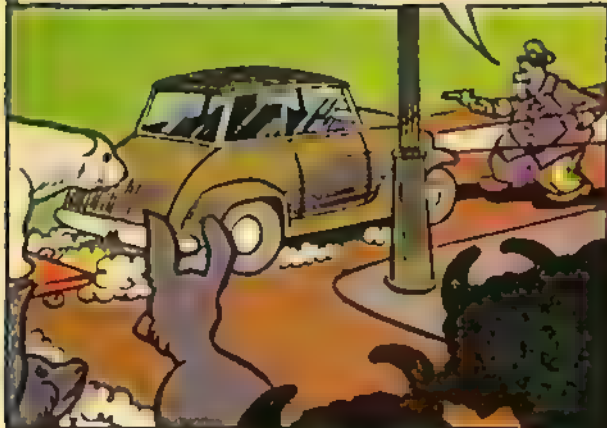






A DASH THROUGH THE DARKNESS--A MASTERFUL SHOUT--
THE GLINT OF A GAT--AND THE SECRET IS OUT!

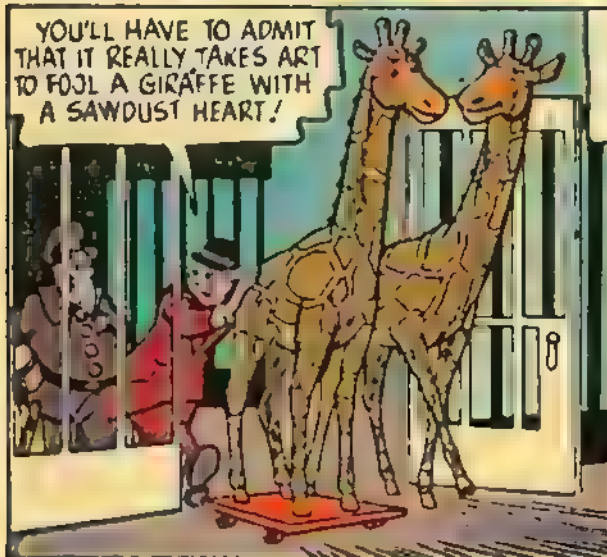
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! NOW, RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE
AND TAKE EVERY ANIMAL BACK TO ITS PLACE!



THE VERY IDEA--
DECEIVING THE CREATURES
WITH STUFFED IMITATIONS
WITH HAND-PAINTED FEATURES!



YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT
THAT IT REALLY TAKES ART
TO FOOL A GIRAFFE WITH
A SAWDUST HEART!



I FIGURED I'D DOUBLE
MY STOCK OVERNIGHT
BY LOOTING THE ZOO--
AND I ALMOST WAS
RIGHT!

YOU SOON WILL MEET OTHERS
WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE SLICK--
IN A PLACE WHERE THE LOCKS
AREN'T SO EASY TO PICK!



NEXT DAY, IN THE HOOSEGOW, A HEFTY BARD SINGS
OF POETIC JUSTICE AND OTHER BRAVE THINGS ...

"I TURNED ON THE HEAT, LIKE A GOOD DIATHERMIST,
AND CAPTURED THE VILLAIN--THE SLY **TAXIDERMIST**!
SO LIGHTSOME, SO BUOYANT! MY GOOD FRIEND, METHINKS
MY VERSE FLOATS LIKE SEA-FOAM--

YOU'RE WRONG, CHUM--IT **SINKS**!



THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

RING NO. 3 of Post's Cereal Circus now ready! Shoot the little man from the cannon! Make the lively black leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS
for a **GRAPE-NUTS**
BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 2 was fun—wait, wait, wait till you get your hands on Ring No. 3!

You can actually shoot the little man from a cannon. The lively black leopard does real somersaults. There are cowboys, and bronchos that sure-enough buck! And that's not all...

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All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing to cut or paste. Just press 'em out and put 'em together.

The whole business is yours for one dime and the top of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the mialty-sweet, sugaroasted cereal that tastes like more. Rush your box top and dime with coupon for POST'S CEREALS CIRCUS, Ring No. 3.



Post's CEREALS CIRCUS
Box 259-B, Battle Creek, Michigan
Here's my box top Here's my dime Send me the
big Circus Ring No. 3

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VIGILANTE

MAYBE YOU THINK SHOOTING AT BULL'S-EYES IS A TAME SPORT—BUT YOU WON'T AFTER WITNESSING THE SCRAP TO BE KNOWN HENCEFORTH AS "THE BATTLE OF THE SHOOTING GALLERIES." FOR WHEN BIG-CITY BAD-MEN ESTABLISH A SHOOTING GALLERY IN COMPETITION WITH THE "SHERIFF OF TIMES SQUARE," THE WESTERN-TRAINED VIGILANTE SOON FINDS HIMSELF A TARGET FOR HIS BEST FRIEND'S BULLETS AS...

"POP GUNN SHOOTS THE WORKS!"





POP GUNN, THE "SHERIFF OF TIMES SQUARE," TELLS HIS TROUBLES TO GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

I TELL YUH, GREG, I'M FINISHED! THE POORHOUSE DOORS ARE WIDE OPEN FOR ME!

WHAT'S WRONG, POP?

THAT NEW PLACE IS STEALIN' ALL MY CUSTOMERS! THEIR PRICES ARE CHEAPER THAN MINE, AND THEY HAND OUT BIGGER AND BETTER PRIZES.

WONDER HOW THEY CAN AFFORD IT?

SURE SHOT SHOOTING ACADEMY

POP GUNN'S

AND THIS IS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!

PICTURE THEATRE

NOT THE MEN FROM MARS, AN SEE 'EM DISINTEGRATE

PRIZES for EVERYBODY

I'LL BET THEY WANT TO RUN ME OUT O' BUSINESS SO THAT WITH NO COMPETITION, THEY'LL CHARGE MORE AN' CUT OUT THE PRIZES!

SURE SHOT SHOOTING ACADEMY

HMM... MAYBE...

FANCY SET-UP... FANCY PRIZES... IT COST A SMALL FORTUNE -- AND EVEN IF THEY DRIVE POP OUT, THEY WON'T DO ENOUGH BUSINESS TO MAKE MUCH PROFIT. HMM...

GOOD OLD BETSY! SHOOT'S STRAIGHT AS A DIE! NOW IF DE TARGET WAS A COPPER, LIKE LAST NIGHT --

PSSTT! QUIET!

WHAT'S THIS--?

AT HOME, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR READS THE HEADLINES—AND CHANGES FROM DUDE OUTFIT TO WORKING TOGS!

I WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT FANCY PISTOL-SHOOTING GALLERY—AND I MIGHT AS WELL DO A FAVOR FOR POP AT THE SAME TIME!



SOON THE SURE-SHOT SHOOTING ACADEMY HAS AN ADDED ATTRACTION—THE **VIGILANTE!**

YOU'RE "FIVE-CHINS" CHUCK, I PRESUME? I'D LIKE TO COMPETE FOR A COUPLE OF YOUR PRIZES!

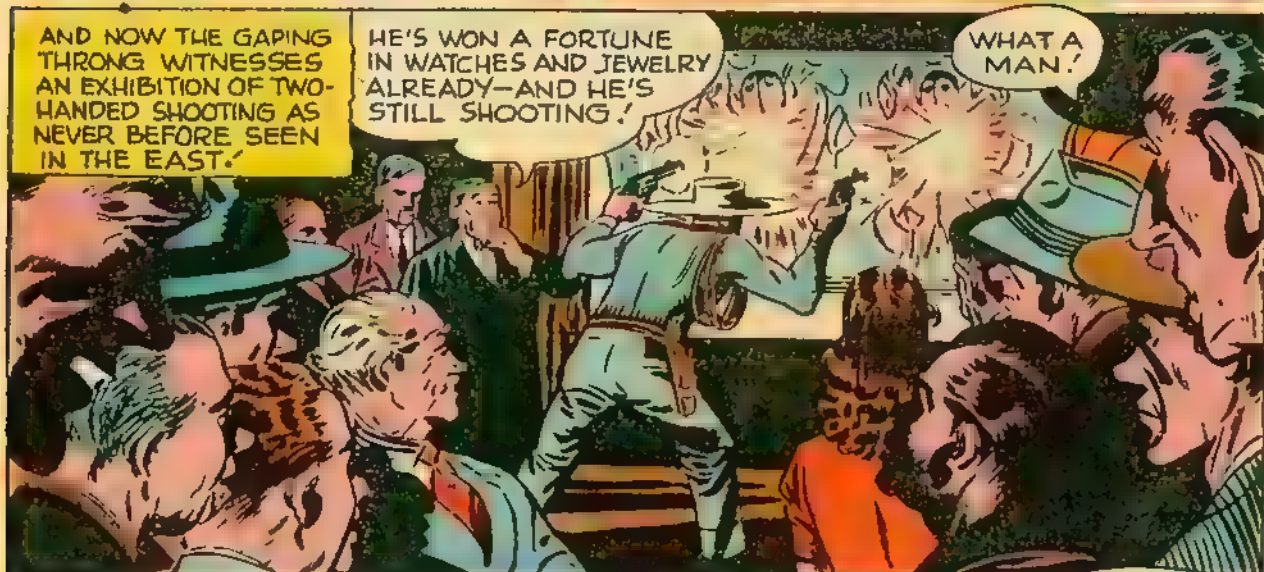
HUH—? VIGILANTE! SURE! PROUD TO HAVE YOU AS A CUSTOMER!



AND NOW THE GAPING THROG WITNESSES AN EXHIBITION OF TWO-HANDED SHOOTING AS NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE EAST!

HE'S WON A FORTUNE IN WATCHES AND JEWELRY ALREADY—AND HE'S STILL SHOOTING!

WHAT A MAN!



TIRING OF ORDINARY SHOTS, THE VIGILANTE SAYS IT WITH MUSIC!

LISTEN! HE'S PLAYING "STAR DUST" ON THE "SHOOT-A-TUNE" BELLS!

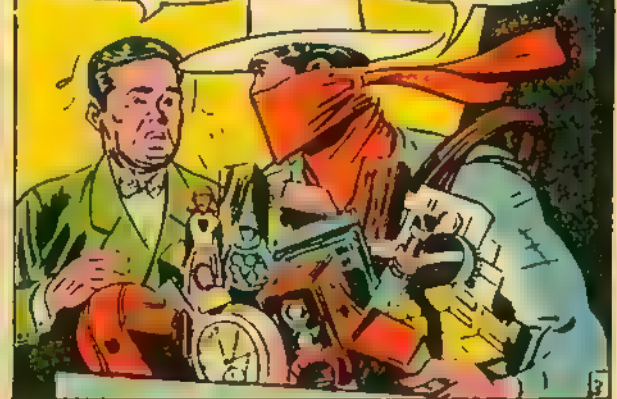
HE WON THE POT OF GOLD, TOO—EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE GUNS AND TARGETS!



PRESENTLY...

ER... I'M SORRY THERE'S NO MORE AMMUNITION LEFT, VIGILANTE!

DON'T WORRY, FIVE-CHINS! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS YOU PUT UP SOME NEW PRIZES!





MEANWHILE, POP GUNN IS FEELING SAD...

NO CUSTOMERS—AND EVEN MY PAL THE VIGILANTE HAS GONE OVER TO THAT NEW JOINT.



BUT SUDDENLY —

HERE, OLD-TIMER—YOU CAN PUT THESE UP FOR PRIZES.

WHAT—? VIG! YUH MEAN—YUH DIDN'T DESERT ME? YUH WON ALL THAT STUFF TO HELP ME?...
YIPPEE!



YOUR CUSTOMERS WILL COME BACK NOW, POP—AND YOU CAN KEEP THEM, IF YOU USE YOUR HEAD.

USIN' MY HEAD'S WHAT I DO BEST, VIG. WATCH ME CORRAL BUSINESS FROM NOW ON.



HOWEVER, POP'S SUDDEN GOOD FORTUNE WORRIES FIVE-CHINS CHUCK AND HIS PALS.

WE GOTTA DO PLENTY O' BUSINESS TO KEEP UP OUR FRONT. WE CAN'T LET POP GUNN STEAL OUR CUSTOMERS.

AND WE CAN'T HAVE HIS PAL, THE VIGILANTE, HANGING AROUND. YOU BOYS GIVE GUNN'S JOINT THE WORKS TONIGHT.



THAT NIGHT, WHEN POP LOCKS UP...

THERE HE GOES. WE WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE BREAKIN' IN.

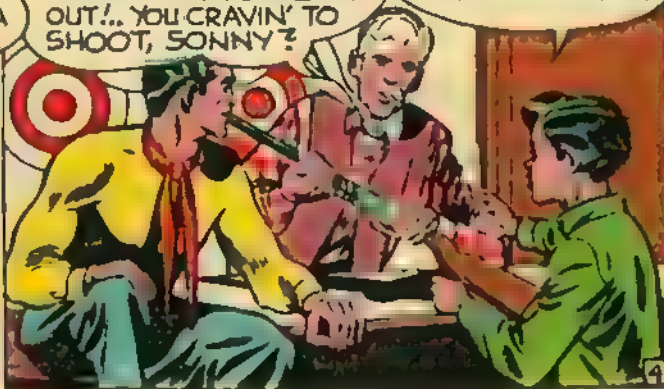
WE'LL PLANT DA STUFF WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD—AN' DAT'LL BE DA END O' HIS GALLERY.



NEXT MORNING...

YEP, GREG, ME AN' THE VIG HAVE GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHTENED OUT!... YOU CRAVIN' TO SHOOT, SONNY?

HERE'S A QUARTER, MISTER. I WANTA WIN ONE O' THOSE WRIST WATCHES!



THE LAD SCORES A BULL'S-EYE—AND SOMETHING ELSE, OMINOUS AND TERRIFYING!

I HIT IT DEAD CENTER!... HUH-?

GREAT SCOTT—FIRE!

NEXT INSTANT, FLAMING PARTICLES FLASH FROM A DOZEN EXPLOSIONS—AND THE WALLS OF THE STORE BEGIN TO BLAZE!

INCENDIARY BOMBS!

QUICK—GET OUTSIDE, YOU TWO, WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE!

GOSH!

EVERYTHING'S BURNIN'—MY GUNS AN' AMMUNITION, TARGETS, CHAPS AN' ALL MY WILD WEST MAGAZINES!

EASY, PARDNER! THE FIREMEN WILL SAVE WHAT THEY CAN!

IN THE END, ONLY A SMOKE-BLACKENED SHELL REMAINS—BLACK AS THE DESPAIR IN POP GUNN'S BROKEN HEART.

TSK-TSK! AIN'T IT TOO BAD!

I DON'T NEED A CRYSTAL BALL TO SEE WHO CAUSED THAT FIRE! RECKON IT'S TIME THE VIGILANTE WENT TO WORK AGAIN!

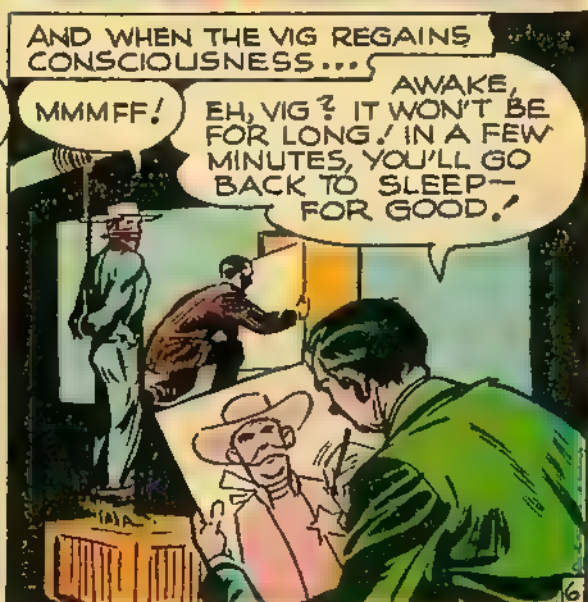
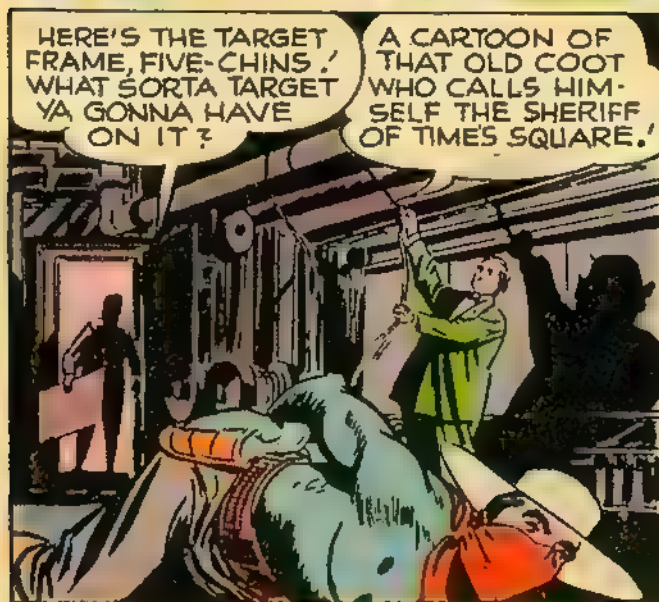
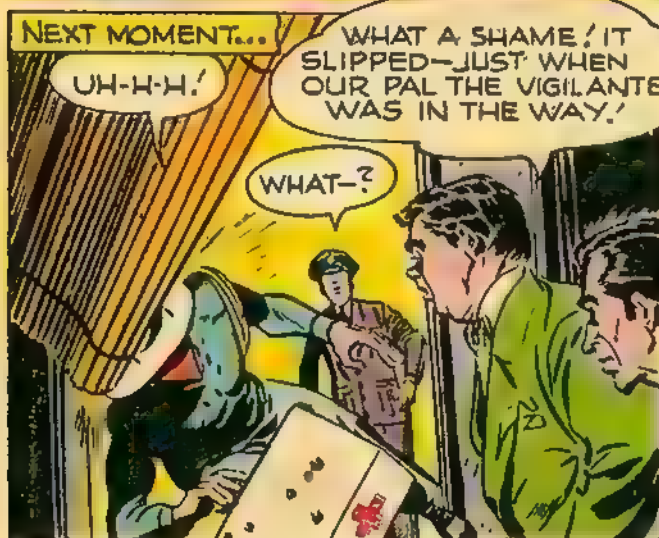
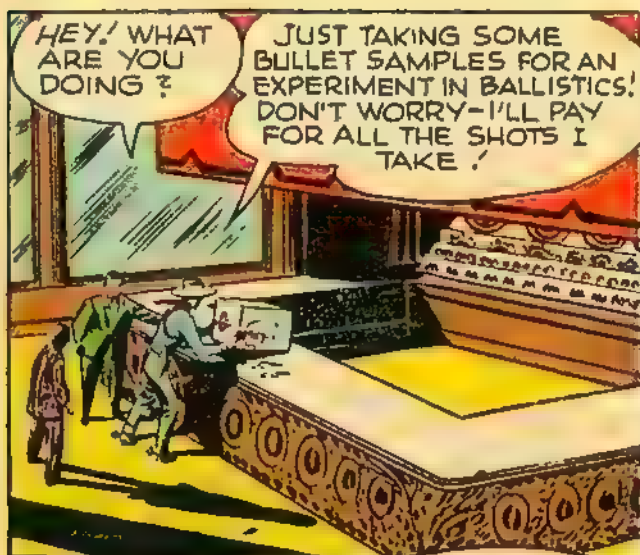
FIRST STOP—A DRUG STORE!

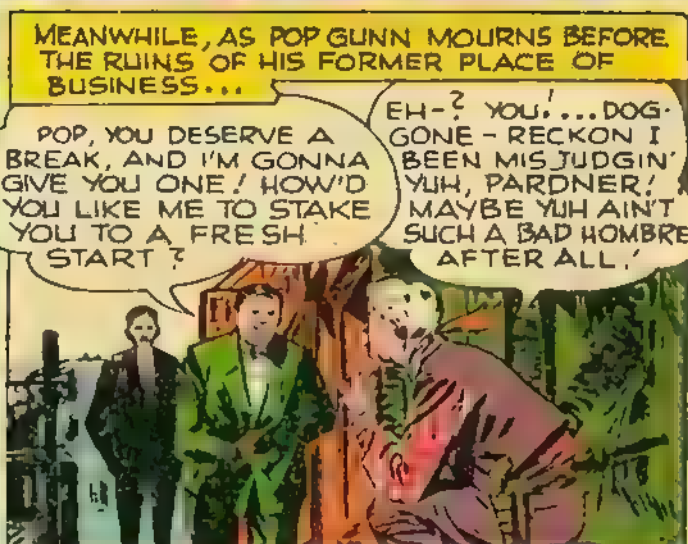
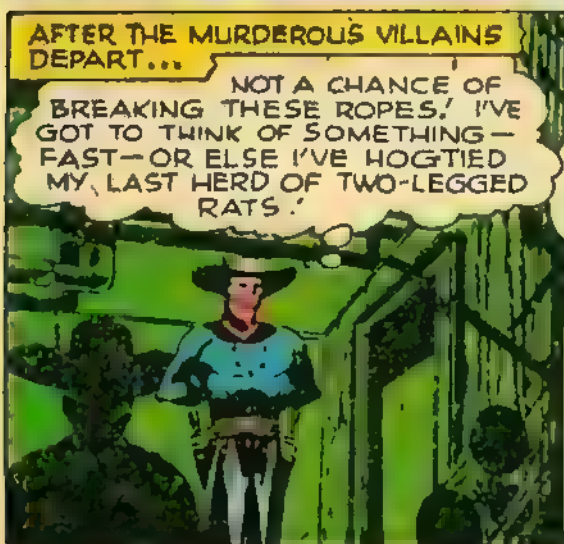
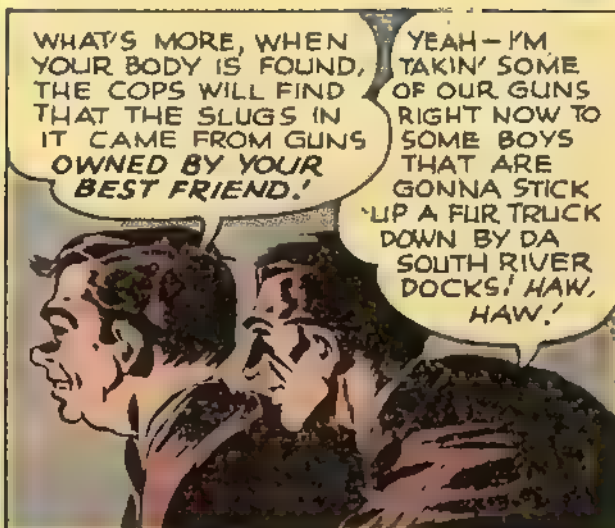
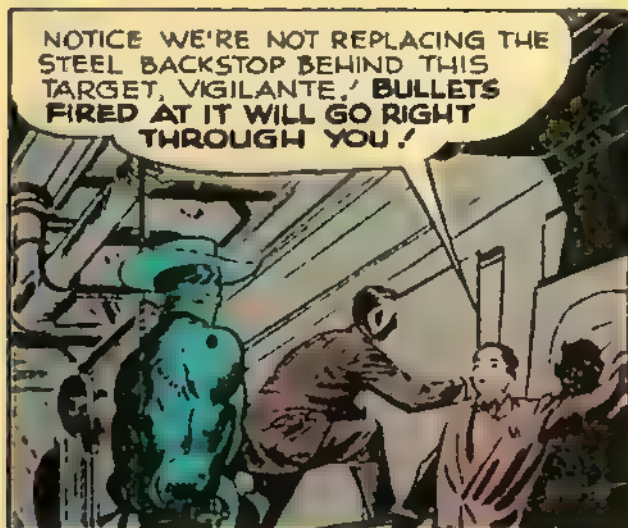
HERE YOU ARE—A WHOLE CARTON OF COTTON FOR SURGICAL DRESSINGS. YOU MUST BE EXPECTING TROUBLE!

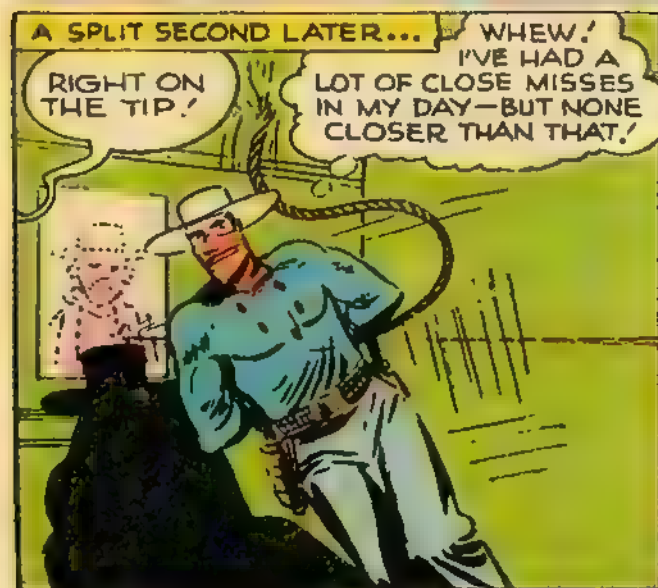
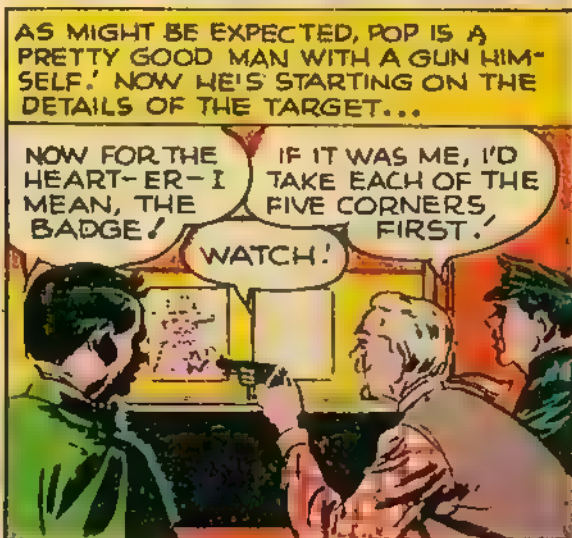
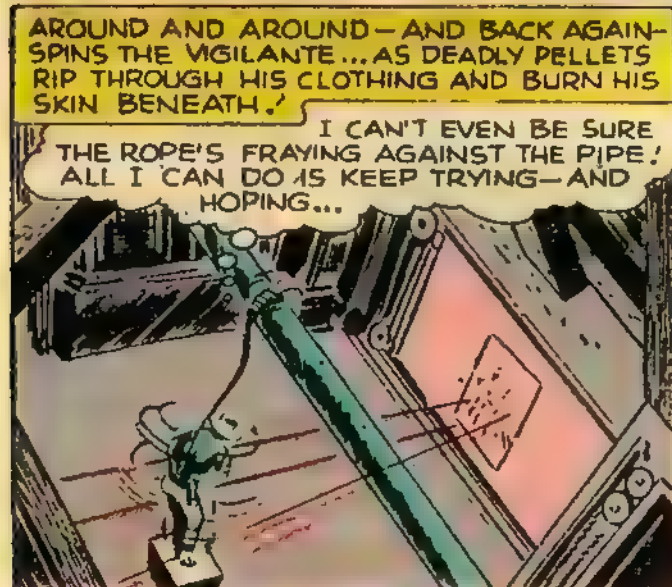
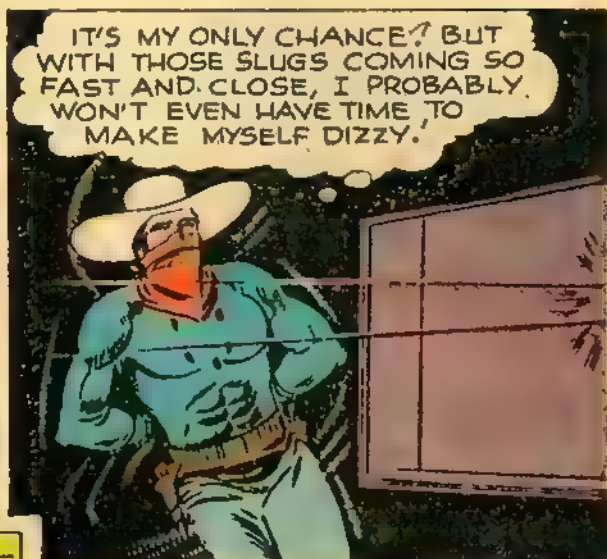
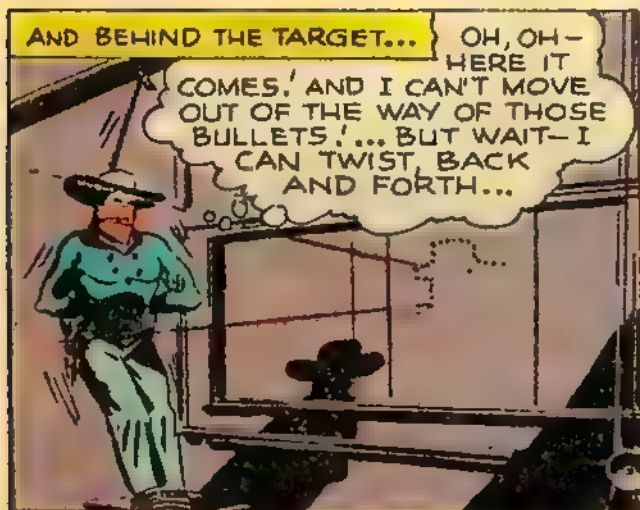
NOT HALF AS MUCH AS I EXPECT TO MAKE, MISTER!

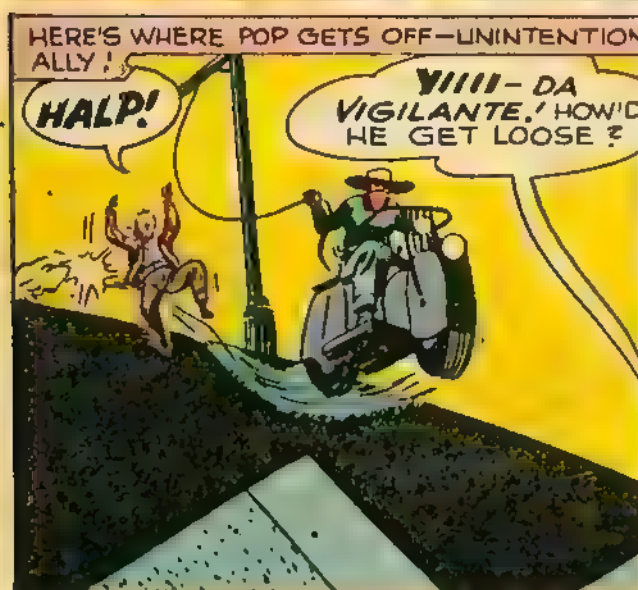
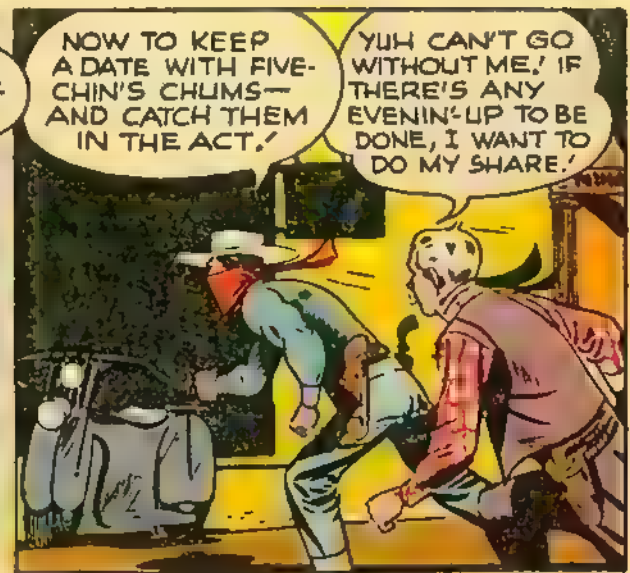
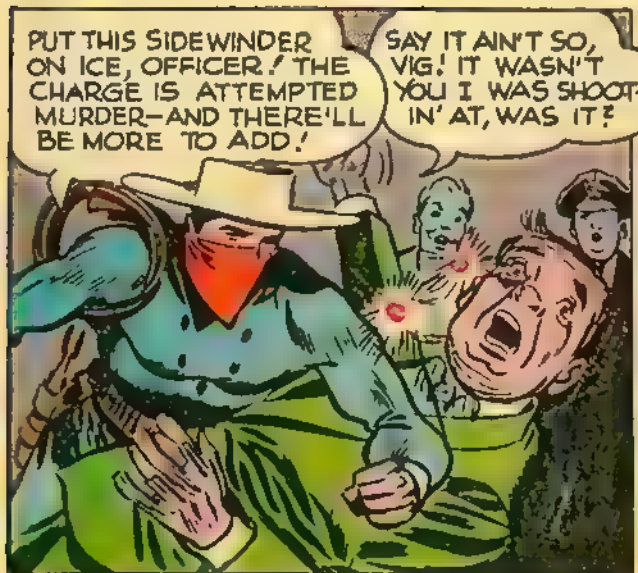
NEXT STOP... UH—WE GOT A NEW RULE HERE, VIGILANTE! ONLY AMATEURS CAN COMPETE FOR PRIZES—AND WE FIGURE YOU'RE IN THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS.

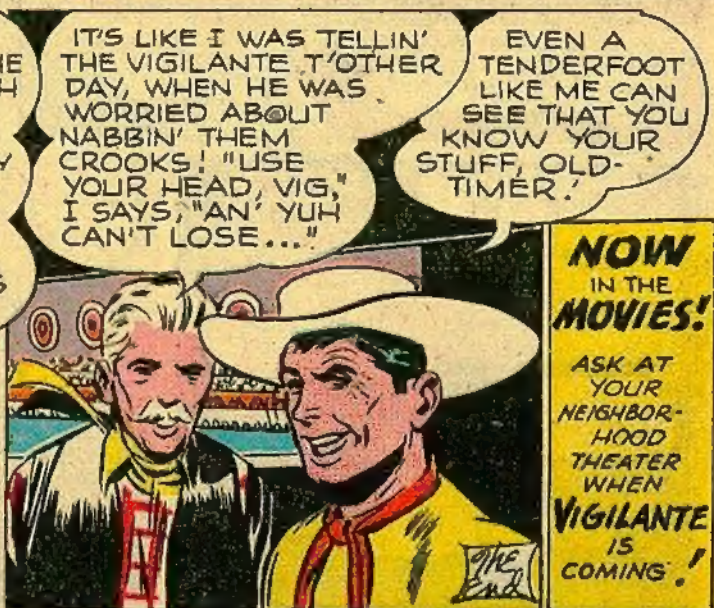
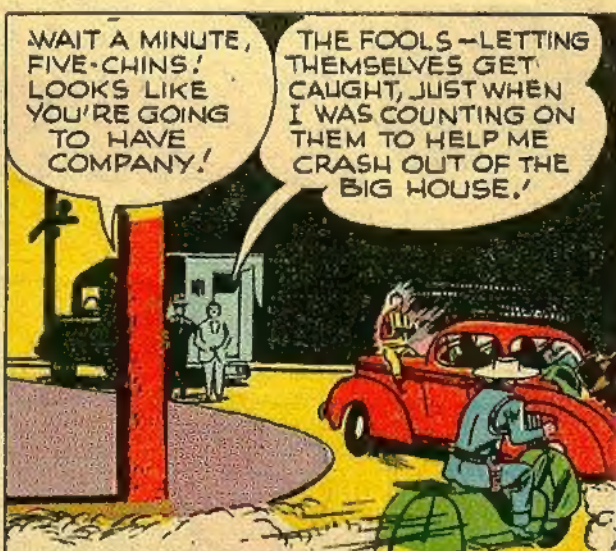
DON'T WORRY, FIVE-CHINS! I'M NOT AFTER PRIZES THIS TIME! ONLY A FEW SOUVENIRS!











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IN THE
MOVIES!**

ASK AT
YOUR
NEIGHBOR-
HOOD
THEATER
WHEN
VIGILANTE
IS
COMING!



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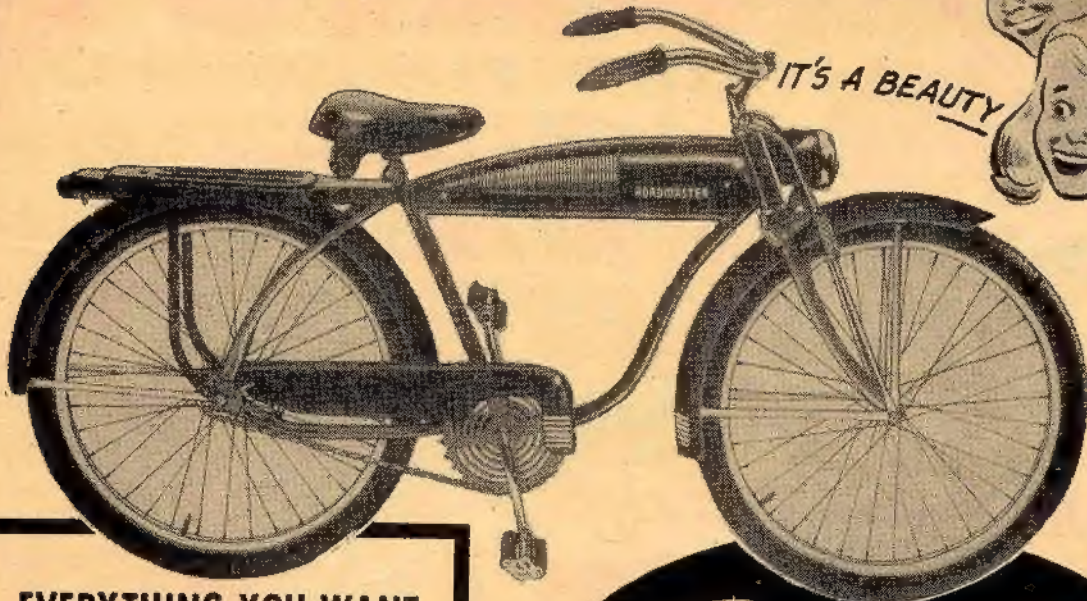


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